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STEINWAY & SONS'

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PIANOFORTES

are now acknowledged the best instruments in America, as well as in Europe, having taken thirty-five first premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the principal fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, for

Powerful, Clear, Brilliant, and Sympathetic Tone, with excellence of workmanship, as shown in grand and square pianos.

There were 200 Pianos, from all parts of the world, entered for competition, and the special correspondent of *The Times* says:

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"This greatest triumph of American Pianofortes in England has caused a sensation in musical circles throughout the continent, and as a result, the Messrs. Steinway are in constant receipt of orders from Europe, thus inaugurating a new phase in the history of American Pianofortes, by creating in them an article of export."

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"Among the many and most valuable improvements introduced by Messrs. Steinway & Sons in their Pianofortes,

THE SPECIAL ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS is directed to their

PATENT AGRAPPE ARRANGEMENT.

(For which letters patent were granted to them Nov. 20, 1860.)

The value and importance of this invention having been practically tested, since that time by Steinway & Sons, in all their Grand and highest-priced Square Pianofortes, and admitted to be the greatest improvement of modern times, they now announce that hereafter their "Patent Agrappe Arrangement" will be introduced in every Pianoforte manufactured by them, without increase of cost to the purchaser, in order that all their patrons may enjoy the full advantage of this great improvement.

Testimonial of the most distinguished Artists to Steinway & Sons: The Pianofortes, Grand, Square, and Upright, manufactured by Messrs. Steinway & Sons, have established for themselves a world-wide reputation that it is hardly possible for us to add anything to their just fame.

Having thoroughly tested and tried these instruments personally for years, both in public and private, it becomes our pleasant duty to express our candid opinion regarding their unquestioned superiority over any other Piano known to us.

Among the chief points of the uniform excellence of the Steinway Pianos are:

Greatest possible depth, richness, and volume of tone, combined with a rare brilliancy, clearness, and perfect evenness throughout the entire scale, and, above all, a surprising duration of sound, the pure and sympathetic quality of which never changes under the most delicate or powerful touch.

This peculiarity is found exclusively in the Steinway Piano, and together with the matchless precision, elasticity, and promptness of action always characterizing these instruments, as well as their unequalled durability under the severest trials, is truly surprising, and claims at once the admiration of every artist. We therefore consider the Steinway Piano in all respects the best instrument made in this country or in Europe, use them solely and exclusively ourselves in public or private, and recommend them invariably to our friends and the public.

We have at different times expressed our opinion regarding the Pianos of various makers, but freely and unhesitatingly pronounce Messrs. Steinway & Sons' Pianos superior to them all.

S. B. MILLER, Wm. Mason, A. H. PEARCE, ROBERT GOLDSTEIN, ROBERT HALLER, THEO. ESPEL, HENRY C. TIMM, Wm. BROS., C. HUBMANN, G. W. MORRAN, E. MULLER, JOE HENNING, THEO. THOMAS, CARL WOLFFERT, F. L. RITTER, F. BRANDT, M. WOLFFERT, THEO. MORRIS, CHAS. WELLS, F. VON BREUNING.

Letter from the Artists of the Italian and German Opera, and other Celebrated Vocalists.

NEW YORK, December, 1864.

Messrs. Steinway & Sons—Gentlemen:—Having used your Pianos for some time in public and in private, we desire to express our unqualified admiration in regard to their merits.

We find in them excellencies which no other Pianos known to us possess to the same perfection. They are characterized by a sonority, harmonious roundness of tone, combined with an astonishing prolongation of sound, most beautifully blending with and supporting the voice, to a degree that leaves nothing to be desired. Indeed, we have never met with any instrument, not even of the most celebrated manufacturers of Europe, which have given us such entire satisfaction, especially as regards their unequalled qualities for accompanying the voice, and keeping in tune so long a time, as your Pianos; and we therefore cheerfully recommend them above all others to students of Vocal music and to the public generally.

CARL BERGMANN, CARL ANSCHUTZ, MAX MARTELL, ELNA D'ANGELO, KARL FORSTER, B. MARCELLANI, PEDRO DE ABELLA, THEO. HARELMANN, FRED. BERLIN, E. MILLER, JOE HENNING, W. LOTT, F. MARCELLO, JOSEPH TAMBRO, JOE WINKLER, D. B. LOREN, EDON LEMAR, MAIE FERNBERG, CARLOTTA C. ZECCHI, H. STEINBERG, PAULIN CANELLA, MISS J. VAN ZANT, H. STEINBERG, PAULIN CANELLA.

Letter from the Eminent Musician and Celebrated Composer of "The Spagnoletto" and "The Italian Song."

BERLIN, Germany, September 10, 1860.

Messrs. Steinway & Sons—Gentlemen:—A short time ago I had occasion of meeting with, and trying one of your Patent Overstrung Grand Concert Pianos, which had been brought here by Mr. Heintzsch, of Philadelphia, and I cannot refrain from expressing to you my unqualified admiration. There are no other instruments known to me which could excel yours; with respect to fullness of tone, I have never met with their equal. Such power of the bass, and roundness of the middle tones, such softness and clearness of the upper notes, and with such complete uniformity of the various octaves, I have, so far, never met in any instrument, not even in any of the most celebrated manufacturers of Europe. The elasticity of touch is most surprising, and it may be taken as a sure evidence of the retentiveness of tone, that in spite of the distant transportation from Philadelphia to this place, there was not one string out of tune. I am satisfied that these instruments will soon take the lead of all other makes, and I wish from my heart that you may continue to labor for the benefit of Art, for many years.

Very respectfully yours, FRANK ABT.

From "A Discourse on Pianos," by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

N. Y. LITERARY, Dec. 1, 1865.

Upon a lucky day, a Steinway Piano stood in our parlor. For power, fulness, richness, and evenness of tone, it was admirable; nor do we believe we could better in our choice. In our summer home it stands yet, a musical angel; and our wish is that the day may come when every working man in America may have a good Steinway Piano.

WALKER, No. 71 and 73 EAST FOURTEENTH Street between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

THE BOY THAT BORE A CHARMED LIFE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Once there was a bad little boy, whose name was Jim—though, if you will notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James in your Sunday-school books. It is very strange, but very true, that this one was called Jim.

He didn't have any sick mother, either—a sick mother who was pious and had consumption, and would be glad to lie down in the grave and be at rest, but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world would be harsh and cold toward him when she was gone. Most bad boys in the Sunday books are named James, and have sick mothers who teach them to say, "Now I lay me down," etc., and then sing them to sleep with sweet plaintive voices, and then kiss them good night, and kneel down by the bedside and weep.

But it was different with this fellow. He was named Jim, and there wasn't anything the matter with his mother—no consumption, or anything of that kind. She was rather stout than otherwise, and she was not pious; moreover, she was not anxious on Jim's account; she said if he were to break his neck, it wouldn't be much loss; she always spanked him to sleep, and she never kissed him good-night; on the contrary, she boxed his ears when she was ready to leave him.

Once, this bad little boy stole the key of the pantry, and slipped in there and helped himself to some jam, and filled the vessel up with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference; but all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go to who gobble up their kind mother's jam?" and then he didn't kneel down all alone, and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light, happy heart, and go and tell his mother everything about it and beg her forgiveness, and be blessed by her with tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books, but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate that jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put in the tar, and said it was bully, also, and laughed and observed that "the old woman would get up and snort" when she found it out; and when she did find it out he denied knowing anything about it, and she whipped him severely, and he did the crying himself. Everything about this boy was curious—everything turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

Once he climbed up in Farmer Acorn's apple-tree to steal apples, and the limb didn't break, and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick bed for weeks and repent and become good. Oh, no—he stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right, and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked endways with a rock when he came to tear him.

It was very strange: nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with marbled backs and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats and bell-crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs, and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms and no hoops on. Nothing like it in any of the Sunday school books.

Once he stole the teacher's penknife, and when he was afraid it would be found out and he would be whipped, he slipped it into George Wilson's cap—poor Widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, the boy who always obeyed his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons and infatuated with the Sunday school. And when the knife dropped from the cap, and poor George hung his head and blushed, as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft upon him, and was just in the act of bringing the switch down on his trembling shoulders, a white-haired improbable justice of the peace didn't suddenly appear in their midst and strike an attitude and say—"Spare this noble boy,—there stands the covering culprit! I was passing the school door at recess, and, unseen myself, saw the theft committed!" And then Jim didn't get whaled, and the venerable justice didn't read the fearful school a homily, and take George by the hand, and say such a boy de-

served to be exalted, and then tell him to come and make his home with him, and sweep out the office, and make fires and run errands, and chop wood and study law, and help his wife to do household labors, and have all the balance of the time to play, and get forty cents a month, and be happy. No; it would have happened that way in the books, but it didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling old clam of justice dropped in to make trouble, and so the model boy George got thrashed, and Jim was glad of it. Because, you know, Jim hated moral boys. Jim said he "was down on milksops." Such was the coarse language of this bad, neglected boy.

But the strangest thing that ever happened to Jim was the time when he went boating on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday, and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look, and look, and look through the Sunday school books, from now to next Christmas, and you would never come across anything like this. O, no—you would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday invariably get drowned, and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms, when they are fishing on Sunday, infallibly get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always got upset on Sunday, and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the Sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.

This Jim bore a charmed life—that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco, and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink aquafortis.

He stole his father's gun and went hunting on the Sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist when he was angry, and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No—she got over it. He ran off and went to sea at last, and didn't come back and find himself sad and alone in the quiet churchyard, and the vine-embowered home of boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah, no—he came home as drunk as a piper, and got into the station house the first thing.

And he grew up, and married; and raised a large family, and brained them all with an axe one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality, and now he is the infamously wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected, and belongs to the Legislature.

So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday school books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the charmed life.

(From Chambers' Journal.)

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF BEAU BRUMMEL.

As few of those who were either contemporaries of the Beau, or who knew him intimately, are now alive, while his name and peculiarities are still fresh in the mind of the public, a favorable reception may be expected for any well-authenticated anecdotes respecting him, coming from one who lived for several years on terms of intimacy with him, and who has hitherto not given them publicity.

My anecdotes assume no character of importance; they are merely characteristic of a very peculiar man, who was rather droll than witty, but always amusing, prompt, and happy in reply, and unsparing in severity when attacked. The Beau had a small grey scrutinizing eye, which instantly surveyed and summed up all the peculiarities of features, dress, and manners of those who approached him, so that the weak point was instantly hit, of any who accidentally or incautiously transgressed, or who had the temerity to attack him. A trifling instance will illustrate this personal peculiarity. On one occasion, he was in conversation with one or two persons on the Place de Calais, when a gentleman, on joining the group unintentionally struck the Beau's favorite little white terrier with his foot. It so happened that the new-comer had very large feet and awkwardly made boots. Brummel, immediately stooping down, and scarcely noticing the offender, but looking most contemptuously at his boots, patted the little dog on the back, ejaculating at the same

time: "Poor little thing; you have not been used to be trod upon by such boots as these." After having discharged this bolt, he turned round on his heel, and walked off, continuing his caressing language to the little animal, who was with him so great a favorite, that no greater affront could be offered the Beau than that which involved any slight either accidental or otherwise, towards her. She was a handsome little terrier, milk-white, but rather fat from being overfed, so that even at the slow pace at which the Beau walked round the ramparts of Calais, for exercise, before his daily repast at seven, the poor little thing could with difficulty keep up with him.

But notwithstanding all the Beau's care of his little favorite, poor Vic finally encountered the fate of all pets of this class. Brummel, calling on a friend earnestly solicited his company at dinner, at the Hotel Bourbon, stating as his reason, that poor Vic was so alarmingly ill that he could not remain in the house, but that he had left her in the care of François (his valet) and Dr. Jonville, so that anything that could be done for her would be done. After taking his usual walk, he repaired to the Bourbon, and dined with his friend; the repast was scarcely over when François entered with a very melancholy and funeral sort of visage, and pronounced in a slow and solemn tone: "Monsieur c'est font fini;" upon which Brummel rose from his chair, repaired to the window, and wept for several minutes like a child.

This is the man who has been represented as being totally devoid of feeling, merely because on many occasions, on the great stage of life, when fortune smiled upon him, he acted his part conformably to the character which he had assumed, rather than agreeably to the one which nature had given him. He could neither have said nor have done the numerous "good things" which are attributed to him, if he had been influenced by his feelings; his object was to produce effect; he had a particular character to support, and in this respect he eminently succeeded, for he attained a position in life, and kept it for a number of years, which is rarely reached by persons of his rank: it is certain that, in the zenith of his prosperity, noblemen of distinction not only sought his acquaintance, but were actually gratified by walking arm and arm with him up and down St. James's Street. It is also well known that he was intimate with the Prince Regent, dined frequently with him both at Carlton House and in London, and at the Pavilion at Brighton. The cause of the rupture with the Prince is generally supposed to have been his having taken the liberty to request his Royal Highness, after dinner at Carlton House, to ring the bell for wine, when the Prince, complying with the first request, ordered his carriage, and never spoke to him afterwards. On this point, I questioned the Beau, and he assured me the statement was totally devoid of foundation in truth. "From your knowledge of me," said he, "can you possibly suppose that I, who knew the Regent's susceptibility as well as, if not better, than any man breathing, could have been guilty of so gross a want of tact? No; it is not true. I knew the Regent too well to have been guilty of so gross a folly."

I could never ascertain from him what was the real cause of the separation; there are, however, several reasons current; one which I heard from pretty good authority is, that the Beau wrote some verses about the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert, in which he styled the prince Big Ben, and the lady Benbina; these lines were, moreover, somewhat sarcastic, and being shown to the Prince by some enemy of Brummel's, produced that feeling on the part of the Prince which led to the rupture.

There were many circumstances which arose during the several years in which a friendly intercourse existed between the Beau and myself, which led me to infer he was not so deficient in good feeling as is generally supposed to have been the case. I cite one instance among many, leaving the estimate of its worth to the decision of the impartial. Some few years after his arrival in Calais, Brummel contracted a *liaison* with a young French girl who shortly became the victim of a pulmonary complaint, which ultimately destroyed her. She was long ill. During the whole period of her illness, the Beau not only supplied her with all the necessities of life, but used constantly to send the half of his dinner to her. If he had kept a regular *cuisinier* in his establishment, and been in affluent circumstances, there would

have been nothing worthy of remark in this act; but as the Beau's means were very limited at this time, and his daily dinner was sent to him from Decein's at five francs per diem, just sufficient for one appetite, the abandonment of the half of it may, I suggest, be fairly considered one of those sacrifices, although trifling in appearance, which entitles the person who makes it to some credit for good and kindly feeling. During the first few years of the Beau's residence at Calais, he was comparatively well off, a noble duke having allowed him two hundred pounds a year as long as he lived; on one occasion he received one thousand pounds through the house of Messrs. Moreau, from some unknown friend; and on another he gained a prize in the French lottery to the amount of about, as far as I can recollect, three thousand francs, which at the time was very acceptable, and caused him considerable satisfaction. He told me, on the occasion of his good fortune, he had just finished his toilet preparatory to taking his daily walk, when Francois entered the room, announcing: "Monsieur a gagné une terre;" which communication was agreeably confirmed by the almost immediate presence of one of the functionaries from the lottery-office with a wheel-barrow containing several sacks of five-franc pieces. This, I believe, was the only success of this description the Beau ever had, although he was in the habit of risking weekly a five-franc piece in some one of the lotteries then in existence.

Previous to Brummel's leaving Calais for Caen, to take possession of his consulship, his circumstances were by no means flourishing; he had long lost the annuity of two hundred pounds, in consequence of the death of the noble donor of it, and I believe he had brought very little with him on leaving England in 1816. He told me he once won in one year the large sum of forty thousand pounds by play at Wattier's and at Newmarket; all of which disappeared as rapidly as it had been acquired; in fact, at the stakes he was in the habit of playing, an income of forty thousand pounds was required rather than that simple sum. To a sixpence with a hole in it, which he picked up one morning in 1813, in the streets on leaving Wattier's, he attributed the commencement and continuance of his good fortune; and to the subsequent loss of his little coin, all his subsequent misfortunes. This coin he kept in his waistcoat pocket, and as long as he retained possession of it, fortune smiled; but on the very day this precious talisman was found wanting, his bad luck set in, and with such continuous and unremitting vigor that he soon found himself totally without funds. He told me he advertised in several papers with a view of recovering his talisman, and offered five pounds reward, but without success. Mr. Raikes, in his *Diary*, states that the Beau merely picked up a plain sixpence, and bored a hole in it himself; but I always understood from the Beau that the coin he found had a hole in it already made; and in virtue of this circumstance, he considered it lucky. From this slight anecdote, it may be inferred that the Beau was superstitious, and from what I saw of him, I should say he was very much so.

He mentioned to me that the play at Wattier's in those days was so high that he once witnessed the Honorable Mr. W— go double or quits for thirty-two thousand pounds; which he lost. No pack of cards was ever played with twice, and when a hand was over the cards were thrown on the floor; consequently, when play ceased in the morning, the players, to use the Beau's own expression, were nearly knee-deep in cards. Wattier's was in Piccadilly, at the corner of Bolton Street. The club took its name from Wattier, who was a *chef de cuisine* of the first order. Although the Beau played at whist, and played a good rubber, he did not generally play high at that game (although he is supposed to have once won a large stake, at White's at one sitting, his gambling having been mostly at Wattier's at the game of macao, and at Newmarket. At Calais, he occasionally played at whist in private houses at moderate stakes, and seemed to enjoy the game. During the first few years of his residence in Calais, he associated with scarcely any of either the English or French families; but during several years prior to his departure to his consulate at Caen, he associated with one or two English residents, and joined in conversation generally with the groups of loungers on the Place, before repairing to the ramparts for his daily walk.

He was fond of good living, in every sense of the word—in truth, I never met with a man who better appreciated, or did more justice to the good things of this life. Champagne and Bordeaux were his two favorite wines. When he dined alone, one bottle of good Bordeaux, not of the *premier cru*, was his allowance. When I dined with him *à la carte*, which was often the case, we generally commenced with either a bottle of Sauterne, Chateau, Grille, or Champagne at dinner, and concluded with one or two bottles of Mouton, of which wine he possessed a quantity of excellent quality; some *café noir* and a *petit verre* of O. D. V. finished the repast. When he dined out, he never objected to any amount of first-rate Bordeaux after dinner, although I never saw him more than in high spirits; and when under the inspiring influences of good cheer and first-rate liquid, he was always most agreeable and entertaining, relating numerous anecdotes of persons whom he had met in former days. I once asked him whether he ever drank port wine in his life: "Not from choice," was his reply; "but sometimes, when I was staying at B— Castle, or at some other great house in the country, when the cheese was introduced, some jolly red-nosed person would say: 'Would a glass of port be agreeable?' Mr. Brummel, after your cheese?

when, of course, to please the old boy, I was obliged to drink one." I met him on the day after his having dined with a French friend at Calais, when he expressed his extreme disgust at a circumstance which had occurred during the repast in reference to a piece of boiled beef, which, in all probability, had been specially prepared *à la Anglaise* by the French host, with a view of pleasing his English guest; of this the Beau partook twice, whereupon the host, thinking he had made a good hit, risked the question: "Comment trouvez-vous ce bœuf, Monsieur Brummel?" "Monsieur," replied the Beau, "c'est excellent." When the host responded: "Mais ce pendant c'était de la vache." "The disgusting brute!" ejaculated the Beau; "just as if he could not have kept that to himself. The idea nearly made me sick."

On another occasion, after having dined with some English friends at the *Hotel Rignolle*, who were on their passage to Paris, he expressed great satisfaction at the excellence of the repast, the wines, &c., and seemed much gratified at the manner in which he had been entertained. But there was one circumstance which appears to have interfered with his comfort, as, on concluding his account of the repast and of the company, he remarked that the young ladies who were present, although very good-looking and very charming persons, had shown no consideration at all for poor little Vic, as they had actually eaten all the wings of the chickens, leaving nothing beyond the legs for poor little Vic's dinner, "so that although I really fared well, little Vic was nearly famished."

When in England, the Beau passed some of his time in Leicestershire during the hunting season, and occasionally went out with the fox-hounds, being mounted by a friend, of whom he was the guest. He told me that, on one occasion on which he was out, Colonel Jolliffe (who, it is well known, used to wear a hat of peculiar shape, with a curved brim of very large dimensions) and Lord Alvanley were amongst the number of sportsmen, and on their arriving at a brook which none of the field seemed disposed to take, but rather to look out for some shallow part which they might ford, Lord Alvanley muttered: "Perhaps Colonel Jolliffe will oblige us with the loan of his hat, and punt us all over." At this time the Beau and Lord Alvanley were both guests at Belvoir Castle. Lord Foley was also a guest, and it appeared that his legs were of such a slender description that they had become subject of notice, and it so happened on the occasion to which I refer that Lord Alvanley sat next to him at dinner. A fork accidentally fell from the table between them, upon which Lord Alvanley exclaimed: "God bless me!" in a tone of great alarm; upon which all the guests, who were alarmed by his manner, thinking something serious really had occurred, instantly and anxiously inquired what had happened, when Lord Alvanley responded: "Oh, I was really apprehensive some great misfortune might have occurred, as a fork just dropped from the table close to Lord Foley, and I feared it might have broken his leg."

The Beau left Calais, for his consulship at Caen, in the year 1830, and I received my first letter from him in February, 1831, and as this epistle is very characteristic of his peculiar manner of viewing and describing whatever he witnessed, and, moreover, gives a short account of the English and French residents at Caen, I submit it to the notice of my readers. It appears that he was extremely well received by both the English and French families; indeed, his society was much sought and courted, and it is extremely to be regretted that so favorable and auspicious a beginning should have been the forerunner of so melancholy and deplorable a close, in a great measure due to his own imprudence; as it is certain the consulship and its protection would not be taken from him so long as he lived, had he not unwisely written to the Foreign Office stating that it was a nullity, as he really had no duties to perform. His idea was, that his disinterested conduct in supplying the government with this information would have been rewarded by a superior position. This is an additional instance to the many which experience supplies, that very clever men sometimes are guilty of great oversights, and outwit themselves. The unfortunate Beau lost his consulship, and received neither thanks nor consideration for his disinterested communication. Unfortunately, at the time of the Beau's letter to the Foreign Office, there was a clamor for retrenchment; the government therefore had no alternative but to abolish a consulship which had been represented to be entirely useless.

On the loss of the consulship at the end of the year, the Beau's Calais creditors availed themselves of their advantage; the consequence of which was arrest and imprisonment. But as this sad portion of the Beau's life has been fully and truthfully related by a writer of his life, I refrain from going further into the subject. The following letter from him is dated Caen, February 20, 1831; it was addressed to me at Montreuil, where I was then residing:

CALAIS, February, 20, 1831.

MY DEAR—Old J— (though I believe he is younger than myself) tells me, when he dined with you within your wretched antiquated ramparts in his progress to Paris, you were *blowing* up about my having neglected to "vous faire savoir de mes nouvelles," according to my promises. You must have known me sufficiently to be aware I am not the most regular person in the world in attending to promises, but *malgré* my inveterate disinclination to sit down, or rather turn round in my chair to scribble when I have nothing to say, *je vous assure* you I have frequently threatened both you and myself with the mutual penalty of inditing you some half-a-dozen empty sentences merely to represent my existence

in this life of troubles, as Mr. Mawworm and his prototype, Mr. Percival, would express themselves. Here I am, leading as opaisa a life as possible to that which I led during many peaceable sequestered years during my locality at Calais. You must know, in the first place, I am very popular here, and that I am much *recherché*, both with the Gothic Norman nobles who are out, and daily invoke the heavens for the restoration of that little "enfant trouvé, Dieu-donné Henri V.," and with the modern functionaries of the place, with more liberal principles, but of more base pedigrees. At the hour of eight every evening, I have the *carle* to about seven of the principal Dons (who have all really magnificent *hôtels*), of whichever it may be the night, and I sit down to franc long whilst with all the old *marquises*, *comtesses*, and *baronesses*, who smell more of *caraway* and *diachylon* than of *Eau de Portugal*, and I generally make a good or heavy evening to the amount of ten francs.

With the new people like the *préfet maire*, &c., I eat well, and in spite of that, which of course you will think the preferable attraction, as it concerns the satisfactory lining of my inside, I find this society the most agreeable. At the Ridoute, a weekly *mélange* of all classes, there is always smart *courte*; that is, for the provinces, to five hundred or six hundred francs a side. The women on *société* are rarely good-looking, but those one meets with by chance in the streets of the *griette* class are beautiful; and if I did not suspect — would see my letter, I would tell you more about them. The town, taking it *ensemble*, is what a vulgar traveller would call superb; nothing can be superior to its public institutions, such as its colleges, hospital, *mairie*, courts of justice, &c.; and the public walks about it are better than any I have seen.

There are, among very many respectable English residents, two excellent amphytrions of the names of —, each of them with ample annual means, large houses with gardens, and what is better, admirable *artistes à la cuisine*. Gentlemen they are, in every common acceptance of the term, and so very amiable, that I cannot please them more than by sending in the morning to say I will dine with them; but then they have that nasty English propensity of drinking till late, so that I have already sacrificed a hat and a shoe on returning home from my visits to their houses.

My return to Calais is, from what I hear, *sur les cartes*—in an official capacity, I mean: name it not in Gath. They are endeavoring to remove M— C—. When you return there, and I understand you will again meet with the old lingering set, with that good-hearted fellow Longdon at the head, to whom I beg you will most kindly remember me, for he is the only one amongst them of any merit, pray write me word as to all that is going on there. Be civil to M— C—, and get all you can out of him respecting any meditated change in his consular situation. Be kind also to —, when opportunity may present itself. She is a very amiable person, after all, and deserves better than to be placed by Providence under such a disgusting set of vulgar Hottentots. Remember me to F—, and assure her that I am always hers, as well as yours, very sincerely, G. B.

P. S.—Now don't play with those wretches at Calais. Think of the end of my dear old friend Horace Beckford!

The Beau's personal appearance, independently of his dress, which was the perfection of neatness, was considerably in his favor; he was about six feet in height, wide across the chest, and well proportioned; his complexion rather florid, and the small grey restless scrutinising eyes which illumined his countenance, gave evidence of that continuous mental activity which so much distinguished him. No peculiarity of dress, or manner of either male or female, who came immediately within his view, escaped him; and the vigor and piquancy of his remarks were considerably enhanced by the peculiar significance of the look which accompanied them. His nose had decidedly the appearance of a 'pug'; but when some allusion to this prominent feature was on one occasion hazarded by a lady in my presence, he responded: "I can assure you, madame, when I entered the Tenth Hussars, I had a most beautiful Roman nose; but unfortunately, when riding down the Steyn at Brighton, I was thrown from my horse; and the edge of my helmet or shako coming into direct collision with the bridge of that feature, partially broke it; hence the slight turn-up which you now perceive." As Captain Grouow, in his *Reminiscences*, records this accident as having actually occurred, it is possible that the Beau's statement may be true; but to all appearance, as far as I could judge from frequent close observation, the 'turn-up' of this prominent feature seemed rather natural than accidental.

His dress, which was invariably neat, was for years precisely of the same description—a long frock-coat, between a Wellington and an overcoat, color brown, with velvet collar and silk lining; trousers dark-colored, cut out in front to fit over the instep, and with straps under the boots, which were always well polished. He was very particular on this last point; indeed, it is recorded of him that, in the days of his great popularity, he was so tenacious as to the polish, that he always travelled with his own blacking, so that, on being solicited to prolong his visit in some great mansion in the country, he replied: "I must first consult Bruno as to my stock of blacking, before I can give you an answer." Peculiarities of this character were not only tolerated in the Beau, but received as excellent jokes—a circumstance which affords no inconsiderable argument in favor of that ability to conciliate, please, and amuse, which he so eminently possessed.

His neckcloth was of white cambric, of large dimensions, wound twice round his neck, brought down capacious in front, and fastened by a small gold pin. This peculiar tie was designated in those days as the 'waterfall tie.' The neckcloth itself was a large square piece of cambric, out of which twenty or more ties for the dandies of the present day might easily be made. I now arrive at the most important, and certainly the most conspicuous part of the Beau's dress, and one on the selection of which he bestowed much thought and consideration—his waistcoat. This was generally very striking, being of velvet, of

some conspicuous color, and covered with flowers, worked either in silk, silver, or gold; indeed, this was the only showy part of the Beau's attire. His hat was of the fashion of former days, large, wider at the top than at the bottom, with a large upturned rim: under it was a well-arranged wig, of a brown color, slightly approaching to red, to keep his whiskers in countenance. His teeth were small, his chin rather prominent. When out walking, he always carried a very neat cane with a gold or silver head. His indoor dress in the morning was rather conspicuous, the dressing gown being of thick silk covered with handsomely-worked flowers, with slippers to correspond; and as the wig was not on duty till he had completed his toilet for his daily walk, a handsome velvet cap, with a gold tassel at its top, occupied its place, so that the Beau, in his morning's costume, had somewhat the appearance of a magician or astrologer. His mornings were employed in reading newspapers and French novels, and in mixing his snuff, which he kept in jars in his cellar his favorite mixture was Martinique and Bolingero. The operation of blending his snuffs I have often seen him perform on a large piece of parchment with an ivory spoon. Although he had a great variety of handsome and valuable snuff-boxes, the one which he habitually carried was a large ordinary one of 'papier-mâché.'

The sitting-room in which he passed many years of his life at Leleux's, the librarian in the Rue Royale, Calais, was remarkably well arranged, the type of his former room in London, although on a smaller scale. Although there were no paintings of much value, there were several small handsome book and other cases of Japan and marqueterie, on the tops of which were placed various curious specimens of China and snuff-boxes, all of which eventually disappeared to meet some pressing emergency. I never could learn precisely what became of them, but I rather fancy they encountered the usual fate which objects of this character meet with when they fall within the remorseless grasp of some cormorant of a creditor who depreciates before he seizes, so that which was purchased at great cost, goes finally for the smallest trifle.

If the Beau's life offers no positive lessons of instruction, it exhibits many important negative ones; indeed, it may be sometimes quite as useful and instructive to ascertain why one man failed, as to discover why another has succeeded; to be made early acquainted with that which ought to be scrupulously avoided, because it is injurious, is salutary knowledge; and as it is much more easy to avoid what is bad, than to pursue and imitate that which is good and praiseworthy, a negative lesson of this character is not without value; it is readily learned and adopted, because it requires no exertion, and is compatible with the greatest indolence; whereas to emulate the great and noble deeds of the exemplary and distinguished, requires the exercise of considerable energy, determination and virtue.

From the Beau's life, much instruction of this valuable description may be derived, for the guidance of those who are on the eve of entering upon the great stage of social life; and although I admit there is comparatively little which suggests itself as worthy of imitation—little of a positive character—there is much which may be received in the shape of warning. The Beau, however, possessed many good qualities, but those, unfortunately, proved his bane and were the precursors of his downfall. He excelled to an eminent degree in the art of making himself agreeable to others, so that his society was considered an acquisition, and he was tempted to leave his own sphere, and to embark in one which eventually proved his ruin. At the commencement of his career at Eton, where he was educated, he soon became a great favorite amongst his school fellows, and formed those connections which were subsequently of so much apparent service to him at the commencement of his social career.

The advantages of public-school education, in consideration of the valuable connections there formed, experience teaches as have been somewhat exaggerated, for boys do not meet so frequently in after-life as is generally supposed, neither do those, as a rule, who were very great friends at school, continue to be friends in after-life, if their social positions and different. But that considerable social advantages are derivable from public-school education, cannot be denied. In Brummel's case, the connections which he formed at Eton were kept up and continued for several special reasons, chiefly of a personal character, and not on general grounds. In the first place, in consequence of having entered a fashionable cavalry regiment, and being quartered at Brighton, and having, by some fortuitous circumstance, become acquainted with the Regent, the opportunity of meeting several of his former school-fellows, some of whom were men of rank, readily occurred; and as he still possessed the 'magic art' to please his society was sought, and that in his case, as far as advantages of that character can be appreciated, his having been educated at Eton proved of value to him; but *respice finem*; in consequence of this association with men of rank, and of expensive and dissipated habits, he became immersed in those habits of vice and extravagance which soon swallowed up his small means, and led to certain acts which compelled him to leave his country. He inherited from his father upwards of thirty thousand pounds, so that had he fortunately conformed to circumstances, and kept within that sphere in which his birth and fortune ought to have induced him to confine himself, he might have passed a very agreeable and happy life without the sacrifice of independence, and have escaped all the pain and humiliation which he subsequently underwent before the great anticlimax of his imprisonment and death at Caen.

He was confined in a common jail; herding in a small comfortable room with other debtors, whereby he was subjected to an ordeal of suffering and privation most trying to any man, but especially so to one who had enjoyed all the luxuries of life, and who was, if possible, over-scrupulous on all matters connected with comfort and cleanliness. He was incarcerated in the month of May, 1835, at the suit of M. Leveux, a banker at Calais, to whom he was indebted to the amount of several thousand francs. M. Leveux had formerly been a personal friend of the Beau's, but at last becoming tired of his repeated unfulfilled promises to pay, carried out this extreme measure. The Beau was arrested with all those external ceremonies which usually attend an operation of this character in France, so that the fact of his misfortune was immediately promulgated amongst his friends and other residents at Caen; and although there was a disposition to relieve him from his embarrassing position, the sum required for this purpose was far too large to be obtained from the voluntary contributions of his comparatively new friends and acquaintances. The Captive was taken completely by surprise, and complained bitterly of M. Leveux having given him no intimation of his intentions.

As may be readily imagined, the Beau felt this humiliation severely, especially as felons as well as debtors were confined in this prison. The hardships which he at first underwent were, however, to a great extent modified by the kind interposition of his friends, and he experienced no lack of the necessities of life. After nearly three months' incarceration, he was liberated by the generous interposition of his former friends in England, who contributed sufficiently to pay off Monsieur Leveux; and I believe also a further sum was subscribed to secure to him a small annuity, so as to rescue him from absolute want; he, however, only survived the great misfortune of his imprisonment five years. Previous to his incarceration, he had experienced one or two severe attacks of illness, approaching to paralysis. On leaving prison, he returned to his former quarters, and as he dined at a table-d'hôte most days, was still an object of curiosity to tourists and others who chanced to pass a few days at Caen. But it was evident to all who had previously known the poor Beau, that he was much altered; indeed, symptoms of his intellect being impaired had already become visible; finally, so much so, that it was arranged by his friends that he should be transferred to a hospital, called Le Bon Sauveur, superintended by nuns and Sisters of Charity, where every attention was shown him during the last few months which preceded his decease; his mind was so far gone that he was incapable of appreciating the various acts of kindness which were extended to him, although it was admitted, at the same time, by the Sisters, that he was very docile and easy of management; he entered the Bon Sauveur in the year 1838, and died in 1840. Agreeably to my own feelings, I cannot conclude this slight sketch or some portions of the old Beau's life, without doing justice to the many good qualities which I know he possessed; I passed many agreeable days with him, the recollection of which reawakens all the friendly feelings which I formerly entertained for him. I always found him truthful, generous, and sincere. His courage was unquestionable, and his spirit of that decided and marked character which induced him instantly to resent the slightest indignity which was intentionally offered to him. As a companion, his qualities were of the highest order; he was always cheerful, amusing, and full of anecdote, and there was a natural exuberance of joyousness and fun about him, which made his society at all times agreeable.

In conclusion, I introduce to the notice of my readers a letter which I received from the Beau from Caen, dated February 19, 1832, inasmuch as it is written in his usual gay and animated style.

Caen, February 19, 1832.

MY DEAR —, Your letter has been long staring me in the face like an injured ghost, but till the present instant I have not mustered up sufficient resolution to answer it, and even now I should perhaps have neglected its pale reproaching looks, had not I met with an accident (young devil that I am) in jumping out of a *citadine* last night, by the which juvenile break I have severely sprained my right knee, and if I may be any retributive satisfaction to you, it is so much avenged that it will confine me *chez moi* two or three days. This annoys me, and puts me out of temper, for it is the very meridian of our gay season here, and so you must not expect to be amused by anything that I may write to you. I wish to heaven I —, with her constitutional propriety and invariably indulgent kindness to me, was at my elbow to ab the afflicted part with the camphorated stuff my Angrado has ordered. I would have written to you before the expiration of last summer, but somehow or other I was continually gadding about to different places in the environs, and from time to time I protracted all epistolary debts and duties. Since the short days of autumn and winter have regenerated society here, and the truffles and the whist, I do not know how it has been, but from idleness and dissipation I have unconsciously limited my writing to passports and to bills of three months. What a perfect reverse of the tranquil innocent life I led during so many years at Calais, is that by which I have been led away at this place! Nothing but feasting, play, and dancing; to be sure I do not meddle with a moderate way with the second amusement; and the "dear creatures" most amiably dispense with my entering into the latter public attention. Two or three places to go every evening, and all consisting of the very best society; it is indeed principally formed of the *ancienne Normande* noble residents here in their old staring hotels, all Carlists or Henry V. to the backbone; but as I never interfere with political principles or absurdities, I manage to live on the same familiar terms of intimacy with the modern respect and with the fallen peer.

I think L — has done right in marrying Mademoiselle O —; he could never expect anything better, and the quiet conjugal state may prolong his life a few years more, if she remains with

him so long. I had a letter yesterday from B — E —, a *remplie* with regrets and civil expressions at the altered condition of Calais — from which place he wrote — since my departure — nobody scarcely to speak to, nobody to *disc* with. He says, however, he stood godfather the day previous to a last-born of M — 's, eighteen at the subsequent repast — raw, sanguinary beef, and barbarous cabbage! He does not mention the *convices*, so I presume he is ashamed of them; he adds that E — y, the second female offspring of this veritable *arce de lapins*, is about to be married to a Mr. P — l (who the devil is he?), who is allowed only £100 a year by his father, and that if he marries without his consent, he will forfeit that. Nothing like settling in matrimonial life.

I see by the papers that M — k has been bitten in endeavouring to bite a German baron; damages against the said M — k, whom the *journal* styles a Mr. M — k, £200 — a picture dealing transaction of the lowest description.

Remember me affectionately to F — y and if you go on maiming the poor snipes and, as usual, tuck yourself up after dinner for the rest of the evening in your arm-chair, to redeem by snoring those physical forces exhausted by the day's exercise, enjoin her to write to me diffusely and explicitly, and parole I will answer her. — Very truly yours.

G. B.
Have you read the *Cocon*? Charming! And *Le Duc*, and *Le Page*, and *La Princesse*, and *Le Sous-officier*. Walter Scott's *Bob of Paris* is wretched — Cooper's *Bravo of Venice* worse.

YOUTHFUL PROMISE.

It is as great a puzzle to know what becomes of all the promising young men, as it was to the little girl of the story where on earth had people were buried. Most parents have at one time or another congratulated themselves on possessing a child of remarkable promise, and then been awakened to see a most ordinary and commonplace fulfilment. Fortunately they have, as a rule, acquired sense enough in the interval to enable them to bear the disappointment with proper resignation. For the ambition of parents for their children, like the ambition on their own behalf, undergoes wonderful changes as their experience of the world grows wider. The father who gives a tip to his boy for getting to the top of his class is apt to entertain a vague and complacent conviction that he is rearing an archbishop or a chancellor or a great author, just as his own tastes may happen to lie. But ten years later he is amazingly pleased to learn that his lad evinces a genius for book-keeping by double entry, and for mounting his high school with punctuality. Just in the same way, the lad's ambition gets gradually modified. What at first would have seemed a pitiful aim indeed slowly assumes the proportions of a crowning success. In life, as in other journeys, distances are wonderfully deceptive; and the peaks and pinnacles which to the ardor and inexperience of youth seem quite close at hand, and easily accessible, generally turn out to be ever so remote, and only surmountable, if at all, by vigorous and prolonged efforts, for which only a few constitutions, specially trained and circumstanced, are hardy enough.

One great secret of the exaggerated notions entertained about promising youths is the confusion of conduct with capacity, of goodness with power. By promise, people must commonly mean promise of those things in gaining which intellectual ability tells more than any quality of well-regulated affections and decorous counting-house virtues. They mean those great professional prizes, and lofty political positions, and grand literary reputations which are won by vigor, acuteness, breadth, or profundity of understanding. The grounds on which a lad earns a reputation for promise are, in an ordinary way, exclusively moral grounds. He is industrious, persevering, docile, well-mannered. He always knows his lessons, and is never insolent or quarrelsome. And this sort of "good boy" may very well be called a boy of promise, and it is probable that his life will be one of more even happiness than that of the boy of fulfilment. But then the results which he is likely to achieve, satisfactory as they may be in themselves, are not at all those which his too partial friends delight to anticipate for him. Punctuality and conformity to discipline, and an aversion to blots and dog-eared books and the rudeness of his compeers, are very excellent things, and they certainly promise a tombstone on which the characteristics of a tender husband, a good father, and a just citizen will have more than their conventional significance. Still, friends, ambitious by proxy, aspire to something more than an unusually truthfully tombstone. An immortal poem, or a series of unrivalled orations, or a history which shall live as long as our language; or a political wisdom and beneficence which shall win the undying gratitude of the poor — this is the kind of object which they expect their promising favorite to propose to himself and to attain. The most saintly abhorrence of blots, unfortunately, is not the only requisite for a great poet, perhaps is no requisite at all. The youth who has never in his life disobeyed a master, or neglected the smallest monition of his college-tutor, or once missed attendance at chapel, may still not be eloquent or profound. Charles James Fox, as he appeared at the gambling-table with his coat turned inside out for luck, or lying in the hot weather pretty nearly stark naked on the sofa, would scarcely have been thought a young man of promise. Yet he was a man of fulfilment for all that. He would have done a great deal more if he had not frequented the tables, no doubt; but he is one out of ten thousand illustrations of the commonplace that a man may make a great mark in spite of almost every vice that human nature can fall into. And it is this making a great mark which is predicted when a young man is said to be of wonderful promise. Of course the converse error is much more pernicious and stupid, though it is not at all rare, of

arguing that he must be a genius who displays an habitual disregard of the proprieties of conduct. Lying about without clothes in hot weather, or has tending to ruin on the Turf, is no sure guarantee for the possession of eloquence or political ability or anything else. A total disrespect for the good opinion of persons around one may, on certain subjects, be a very wholesome and promising characteristic, and the person whom it marks may do excellent service both to himself and others in virtue of it; but where an ignoble kind of self-indulgence prompts this disrespect, it can only, in spite of the example of Fox and plenty of others, be a hindrance to him at every point. Hence the infatuated folly of parents, or of the young men themselves, who mistake all sorts of sheer bad habits for spirit and originality; the truth being that neither bad habits nor good habits are the cause or the measure of that native vigor of mind which lies at the root of the most conspicuous and glittering successes of life.

This vigor can only be tested, if at all, in the most hopelessly imperfect way during the time of youth; and so people form their judgments of a man's future from one or two moral qualities, which in truth have much less to do with the kind of future they are thinking about, than the intellectual qualities which they have scarcely any trustworthy means of measuring. We nearly always find in the biographies of distinguished men, that at school or college they gave no remarkable sign of their future power; and even where this is not the case, the predictions of greatness may commonly be traced to a time after the greatness had been achieved. The child may, in a sense, be father to the man; and nobody of any judgment will deny that we are born with peculiar temperaments and our own individual predispositions. But character is the compound product of predispositions and experience. You cannot predict anything of the product until you know something of the second of these factors, and even then it is unsound to argue that the combination of what seem like the same temperaments with what appears to be the same sort of experience will always be identical. Experience, or perhaps we should rather say the demand for independent action, every day gives rise to conduct which astounds us and mystifies all our calculations. It is impossible to be quite sure how a boy or a young man will turn out after he has looked out upon the world beyond the classroom. This uncertainty is notorious, even in respect of the moral half of character. Lads who have been angels with pure white wings up to one-and-twenty not seldom develop, by a process, we suppose, of natural selection — into imps with horrid horns and hoofs before they have left home a twelve-month. But the influence of the demands of life upon the intellectual part of men is often still more extraordinary and still more unforeseeable. Some whom, on account of their school-room virtues, their friends insisted on raising aloft on pedestals no sooner get fairly out into the big world than they seem to be scared by the size of things, and to be utterly lacking in that intrepidity of the intellect which is so needful for great successes. Others again, whose intellectual energies have hitherto passed for second-rate, and of whom nobody entertained very sanguine hopes, have their imagination excited, their faculties braced, all their powers stimulated, by the novelty and bustle and Brodingtonian dimensions of the new scene to which they are introduced. The nature of this impression and the way in which it strikes people of different original quality, are points nearly always overlooked in talk about early promise.

Intellectual intrepidity, as it is one of the most vital conditions of that eminent success which people urgently desire for their sons or their friends, is just that at which men of promise ordinarily stop short of fulfilment. With manful assurance they march up to the fight, but discretion suddenly steps in and freezes their intent. Everybody understands what this means in a physical conflict, but not everybody discerns how the same thing may occur to men who think of entering the arena where the contest is not waged with the arm of flesh. We all admire the courage which enables a man to lead his men against a battery or to join a forlorn hope, and we admit that such a virtue is the first essential of a successful warrior. But we do not usually understand how much the same quality, only intellectual instead of physical, is needed for a man who sits down to write the history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, or of Modern Civilization, or who aspires to be a conspicuous power in the political world, or to attain distinguished success in science or philosophy. Yet these are the results too commonly anticipated in the expression that so and so, under five-and-twenty, is a person of great promise; which, being interpreted, means that he is industrious and of good morality, and decently intelligent. That he should be all this is, as we have already said, promising, but only as far as it goes. It promises comfort and good repute, and nothing else; and even then the promise is not worth much, as a thing to rely on, when we reflect how often the first whiff of the world blows away the surface habits of youth into space, making all clean and garnished for the reception of seven or some other number of devils and unclean spirits.

But exemplary conduct is not the only thing from which promise is wrongly inferred. It is equally common to find people mistaking ambition for capacity. The strength of the passion for fame is supposed to be some measure of the intellectual strength required for gratifying it, and foolish persons fancy that, if a young man only starts in life with a sufficiently vehement desire to get to the top of the tree, he cannot fail. Put in a point-blank

way, nobody could be taken in by the fallacy; only people do not put things to themselves in this way. We are always more or less ready to take appearance for reality in matters which do not concern ourselves personally in any very urgent degree, and to allow people to pass themselves off at their own estimate. So if a young fellow gives one to understand, quietly of course, and without braggadocio or bluster, that he has a vehement desire — and in the days of youth desire is synonymous with intention — to rise to eminence in some given line, one is disposed to give him credit for possessing the ability which the attainment of his desire would imply. Hence he is given out to be a man of extraordinary promise — promise in this case only meaning what his conceit and rash confidence promise to themselves, and not what his abilities justify.

After all, the misunderstanding of what constitutes promise is only a branch of the wider ignorance of the conditions of success generally. Dr. Johnson we think it was who said that youth always miscalculates two things — the value of money, and the difficulty of reaching eminence. Young men disregard and waste the one, and they think they can have the other by merely wishing and asking. But is youth the only age at which one calculates the pains of winning distinction far below their true magnitude? Does not everybody, except those who have already tried to advance some way up the steep path, think the ascent a great deal easier than it is? True, there are crowds of impostors in the Temple of Fame, who have got up where they are by bubbles or balloons. But they are only there for a time. Perhaps it may comfort men who discover that what they or their friends mistake for promise is nothing of the sort, to reflect that even those who most deserve eminence only enjoy it for a while; and, besides, that the atmosphere of these lofty peaks would most likely prove not at all congenial to those others whom nature and circumstances have united to fit for the plain. — *London Saturday Review*.

(From *Harper's Monthly* for May.)

KATE.

She sat at the piano practicing an aria, her silver treble ringing out like joy-bells, feathering into the merest echoes of sweet sound, till the gamut seemed like nothing so much as a Jacob's ladder over which angels ascended and descended.

"I should think it was a lark, if it weren't Kate," said Hector, who had been listening some minutes unperceived. She ceased in the midst of a trill, such as the brown thrush extemporizes all summer long, as if he could never order it to his mind.

"There, you've broken the spell," said she; "I've been playing hide-and-seek with that trill the whole morning; now I haven't breath enough left to follow it up."

"If you had succeeded," he answered, "you would have wept, like Alexander, because there were no more trills to conquer."

"I should have turned myself to conquering circumstances, in that case."

"Which ones in particular?"

"Mrs. Dewitt has been giving me a lesson in propriety," said Kate, laughing, with one hand still wandering mutely over the key-board, as if in search of some eluding harmony. "She says — she says the most absurd things, Hector; she says if I stay here it must be as — as —"

"My wife." The color blossomed on his cheek, the sober brown eyes put on a smile, the lips bent to her forehead.

"I am ready, Kate," he murmured.

"But, Hector, I do not love you," she replied, looking up in perplexity; "do I?"

He held her hand a breathing space, while the color drifted away like a sunset flame. "I should think not," he said, slowly; "we must arrange some other way."

And thus Kate went to live with Mrs. Dewitt, and Hector sailed captain of the *Cocquette*.

Fourteen years before, Hector's mother, Mrs. Holland, had taken a child of six from the workhouse, to run errands and do little odd trifles, intending to bring her up as a model servant. But Providence had ordained her for other things. One morning, after dusting the parlor, she lingered, loth to retire to the kitchen, for whose charms Betty was alone responsible; the bright coal fire, the comfortably cushioned chairs, the crimson curtains that touched everything with so warm a glow, the gilded vine meandering over the walls, the glistening keys of the pianoforte, the hanging-plant, with its blue flowers, as though feeding on sunshine had colored it like the heavens; above all, the sweet-faced lady, pictured such a vivid contrast to the scullery, brightened only by pewter and fresh paint, redolent of boiling vegetables, and presided over by Betty's garrulous complainings, as may be, to demand her invention of petty excuses for loitering yet a moment; or perhaps her lonely little heart longed for some word beyond the ordinary forms of kindness with which a gentlewoman addresses even her domestic; for some compassionate tone, to signify that she was something more than an indistinguishable mote, floating at the will of the wind through creation; for a touch of sympathy that could turn the key upon the hidden treasures of her soul. Perhaps feeling this yearning, but without defining it, made her pause at the door and look back beseechingly.

"Is there anything you want, Kate? Did you wish to say something?" asked Mrs. Holland. She put out her little arms imploringly, in the impulse of the moment — "I wish," she said, "I wish you would let me kiss you."

(Continued on Page 6.)

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Dramatic Feuilleton.

BY FIGARO.

Allow me, my dear PRESS, to congratulate those of my brother critics who are shocked at the prevailing frivolity of the stage, that at last we have a play before us which can boast of a "great moral purpose."

I refer, of course, to Mr. Charles Reade's "Never too Late to Mend," which has just entered upon its edifying career at Wallack's, and which I respectfully recommend to the clergymen now in town attending the anniversaries.

I am not much shocked myself at the frivolity of the stage because, as you know, I entertain the heresy that theatres are chiefly useful as being places of amusement.

Still, I have no objection to a "great moral purpose," and, in fact, am so sound on the subject, that some time ago I advised Barnum to announce among his other curiosities a "great moral porpoise": not but what porpoises are always moral enough in their way, only it seemed to me that many people would read purpose for porpoise, and would thus get the idea that the Museum was a sort of chapel.

I assure you, Sir, that the moral dodge is a great thing: Van Amburg used to think so much of it that on reading one of his advertisements you would think his lions and tigers were members of the church, and his monkeys pupils of a Sunday-school.

But now, then, Mr. Editor, to be just, all this has nothing to do with Charles Reade's "Never too Late to Mend," which, though it has a "great moral purpose," is a very legitimate drama for all that, and is better worth seeing than any other theatrical show in town: better worth seeing, perhaps, than *hearing*, for the text has nothing very remarkable about it while the scenery and, in fact, all the stage appointments may, without exaggeration, be called exquisite.

The pastoral scene in the first act—with the stable, dog-kennel, pigeon-house, etc.—not to mention the poney, the dog, and the pigeons—present about as natural and pleasing a picture as I have ever seen on the stage.

On the night of the second representation, by the way, one of the pigeons got into a scrape, and but for the prompt intervention of a young gentleman in the audience—who made his maiden speech on the occasion, and insisted that the play should be stopped till the bird was placed out of danger—would probably have been killed.

I recommend the gentleman to the approval of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and at the same time beg to compliment him on his speech which, if a well-known axiom be true, represented the "soul of wit."

I doubt if either General Dix or General Grant would have done better: and when the ten-second rule is adopted in Congress I shall propose the rising orator as one of the members to represent Manhattan.

Meanwhile, I think it would pay to have the pigeon incident repeated, now and then, although the play needs no additional attractions, and moreover, it is doubtful if our young Demosthenes is open to a theatrical engagement.

I should add, now, that with the exception mentioned, the pigeons in the cast of "Never too Late to Mend" went through their parts very creditably and that the poney and the dog did the same, narrowly escaping a call before the curtain, which, to them, would have been a bore, especially with the prospect of an additional call for a "speech."

Of the other actors in the cast I can think of nothing to say except that George Holland tried his best to represent a hard-hearted prison governor, but couldn't help letting his proverbial good nature and love of fun peep out to spoil the whole thing: that Mr. Gilbert tried, but in vain, to represent a persecuted old Jew: that Mr. Fisher played the part of a rollicking and subsequently repentant scamp, with his usual humor and pathos: that Miss Barrett gave us a most touching and artistic picture of an unfortunate young criminal who dies in prison of the "treatment": that Miss Henriques in a young lady part altogether below her abilities, managed nevertheless to appear to great advantage: that Mr. Frederick Robinson played the part of a young lover in difficulties as if he had "been there": that Mr. Ringgold did the character of a young clergyman so well as to entitle him to the degree of D. D.: that Mr. Young made commendable efforts to appear like an "Australian Savage": and that Mr. Holston gave us the

character of an eccentric limb of the law, which reminded us (and this time reminded us pleasantly) of his inimitable Biles.

So much for "Never too Late to Mend," which was played so long on the first night of its representation that we all thought it should be entitled "Never too Late to End," but which has since been so curtailed of its unfair proportions that we can now order our carriages at 11 o'clock. [N. B.—I always order mine at that hour or before, but the horses are never ready.]

Of other theatrical matters there is little to say.

"The Three Guardsmen" will be repeated at the Olympic to-night for the last time—provided that "another startling novelty" can be got ready by Monday—and I advise everybody who likes good playing and superb scenery to go and see it.

At Niblo's—Miss Mateman having been obliged to retire on account of illness—there will be nothing of special interest until Wednesday next, when Mr. Dillon will commence a short engagement in the play of "Belphegor the Montebank," for which the management has been making the most careful preparations for over three months.

At Barnum's, a new sensational romance is to be brought out next week, under the title of "Bendito or The Children of the Zircali."

In respect to musical matters, I propose to shirk all operative responsibility by printing the subjoined communication from a friend:

GRAU'S OPERA TROUPE AT THE ACADEMY.

Those who know Mr. Grau were well persuaded that he knew the musical taste and requirements of our public, and that he would not hazard his reputation by placing his company on the boards of the Academy unless it was equal to what might be reasonably expected of it.

On Monday evening Verdi's *Traviata* was selected to introduce a portion of his troupe. The audience was cold and critical, as well as dubious, and was so painfully suspended on the thread of expectation as to do violence to their own taste and judgment. Some of the professional critics were even affected by this spontaneously created epidemic. It would be difficult to measure the effect of all this upon the well-known sensitive natures of real artists. The singing and acting, however, of Mlle. Boschetti, Anastasi, and Orlandini, gradually overcame the self-fostered syncope of the audience, and soon gave fresh life and geniality to the whole atmosphere of the Academy. It is seldom we have heard three better voices, and bearing more evidence of the most delicate culture. Before their engagement is over, our people will very appropriately acknowledge the truth of what we say.

On Wednesday evening the ever acceptable *Traviata* was presented to the public, when another portion of the very large and accomplished troupe of Mr. Grau appeared. The audience was quite large, full of enthusiasm, and bound to redeem their shortcomings on Monday evening. They seemed like the spring itself gloriously released from the frosted lethargy of winter. Orlandini deepened and widened the very favorable opinion which he produced on his first appearance. Musiani recalled enthusiastically the past memories of his successes in this city, and received the most cordial applause for his refined and tasteful vocalization. Mme. Cash Polini as *Asuena* was fully equal to any one we have seen in this part, both in acting and singing, and we are happy to say the audience becomingly crowned her efforts by repeated applause.

The star of the evening and the occasion, however, was Mme. Noel Guidi. Verdi himself would not desire a better or a more charming representative of his *Leonora*. To the most unexceptionable acting was added a refined, delicate and melodious vocalization seldom heard within the walls of the Academy. Her interpretation of the part was so faithful, so artistic and sympathetic, that the feelings of the audience seemed to run in the channel created for them by the gifted artist herself. Her hearers were fully alive to her great merits, and generously acknowledged them by every token of approbation.

We predict for this company a very great success, and we hope the enterprising manager, Mr. Grau, will reap the reward of his judgment and taste in the selection of such an admirable company.

To-day there will be a *Faust* Matinée at the Academy, commencing at one o'clock.

The fifth of the Irving Hall Sacred Concerts will take place to-morrow (Sunday) evening: artists, Miss Louisa Myers (soprano); Mr. W. Castle (tenor); Mr. S. C. Campbell (baritone); Mr. G. W. Morgan organist.

Mr. Morgan, by the way, gives his annual concert this evening at Irving Hall, assisted by Miss Marie Abbott, Miss Nettie Sterling, and Messrs. Castle, Campbell, Simpson, Goldbeck, and others.

The great musical event of next week will be Mr. Theodore Thomas's last concert of the season, which will take place at Irving Hall on Monday evening: among the artists who will assist on the occasion are Miss Brainerd, Miss Rose Eytinge, Mr. Carlyle Petersilea (pianist, who makes his first appearance in America), and the members of the Mendelssohn Union Society, all supported by a grand orchestra. This concert promises to be the most select musical entertainment that we have had this season.

Of course you will be there, and if you are, be sure and look out for

Figaro.

(For the Saturday Press.)

THE FLANEUR.

VII.

"C'est certaine, gais d'après, c'est en vogue des choses fortuites."

"It is a certain gaiety of mind preserved in despite of accidents." This is Rabelais' definition of *Pantagruelism*, an order of which he was the founder and exponent, and the rules and regulations of which he has treated at length in his works, which have in consequence been the companion and delight of those disciples who could appreciate the fulness and wealth of such philosophy.

Horace would have been of this school had not his times and the society about him, together with the natural character of the man, somewhat modified his expression of his doctrine.

*Letus in presentis amamus, quod ultra est,
Oletur curare.*

"Joyful in the present, leaving the morrow to take care of itself," is his description of the mental condition of a happy man.

Perhaps he comes nearer Rabelais in the lines:

*Spem neminem rebus in arduis
Serrare memento.*

"Remember to keep an even mind in difficulties." The more artificial civilization of the times he lived in, and the natural character of the man, led him to add:

*Non sumus in bonis,
Ab insolenti temperamus
Lentiss.*

"And also in prosperity free from an insolent joy." With Horace it was study, with Rabelais it was nature. Here lies the difference between philosophy and *Pantagruelism*.

To be sure, Horace continues in the first quotation:

*— Et amamus lani
Temperat riri.*

"Tempering the bitter of life with a smile." But this is still simply philosophy.

The *Pantagruelist* is gay under difficulties. Dickens makes Mark Tapley's ambition to be jolly under difficulties, but Tapley was not a *Pantagruelian*; he had neither the character, the intellect, nor the education to be one; nor has Dickens the intellect or the wisdom to draw the character of a *Pantagruelian*; he is clever at catching the salient points of eccentricity of character, but has not the comprehensive grasp which embraces the whole of nature. He bears the same relation to a man like Rabelais that the photographic camera does to the master mind of an artist like Da Vinci.

It is rare to find men whose lives are *pantagruelistic*; I have, however, known a few, and it would well repay a voyage round the world to meet one.

Ben Jonson made a journey from London to Scotland, and on foot (for "rare Ben" was generally impetuous), to see and converse with Dr. Hammond of Hawthornden.

The record of their conversation is published in one of the volumes of the Shakespeare Society. Ben, it would seem, was hardly satisfied with his venture, and apparently with reason, though the book containing the conversation is well worth a choice place in any library. There is meat in it, and seeing the infinity of books which contain only words, this is a great recommendation.

I once conversed with an English officer, who had served in India, who was enthusiastic concerning a certain brother officer in the Indian army, whose name I will not mention thus publicly. He was *pantagruelism* incarnate. Sick almost to death with consumption, his spirits never flayed, and the magnetism of life he carried about him was an infection for all those with whom he came in contact.

He was lucky in play, fortunate in love, free as the air, and generous to a fault, if that was possible.

Just before the mutiny, circumstances had brought him into relations of a somewhat doubtful pecuniary advantage with the Jew money lenders of Calcutta, and one Solomon, a local Shylock of that portion of the world's circumference, had been induced to invest somewhat largely in bits of paper bearing his signature.

In one of the battles our *Pantagruelian* made one of a storming party to capture a battery, which was strongly supported. The attack was successful, but with very severe loss. Our friend was one among the few survivors.

When the guns were captured, in the midst of a terribly severe fire from the supporting party, and while it was one chance against ten thousand that the captured guns could be held, or that there would be a single survivor left, he leapt upon one of the guns, and gaily waving his cap, shouted, amid the screeching of shells and whistling of bullets, "Boys, what do you think old Solomons would give for my bills now?"

Of course, he came off safely; he was too much in harmony with nature to suffer any accident, or undergo any change except such as result from the simple development of nature's laws.

The record is silent as to whether Solomons ever received "his own with interest." But doubtless he did. In fact our *Pantagruelian* was one of those few men whom Fortune bears so tenderly upon her wheel that he could even gain money upon a capital wrung from an usurious Jew.

It is rarely that such men are found. Nature is sparing of them, as she is of all her choicest things. Or perhaps the fault is mostly our own. The same soil that produces potatoes would be as fruitful of roses, if only we were careful to plant roses instead of potatoes.

But the farmers as a class would utterly despise the roses, they could not sell them at so much a bushel, nor store them for winter's provisions, to be eaten with salted pork and bacon. And this is the reason why more potatoes are planted and raised than roses.

It is the same in the moral world. The great demand is for potatoes, and so the crop is as large as we find it, while the roses are pretty much discarded, or found only in the gardens of those who love them, and who find their ample reward in raising them. I have seen one in a garret, cherished lovingly in a pot, and even in that place, under such disadvantageous conditions, flourishing and fruitful, and giving

ing more pleasure, when it bloomed in June, than a whole twelve months' dinners of potatoes could.

But we must remember that roses are the results of cultivation, while potatoes are a natural fruit, and herein lies an allegory.

THE FLANEUR.

(For the Saturday Press.)

THE FESTIVAL OF ST. CECILIA.

A MUSICAL ROMANCE.

BY H. A. R.

A serene effulgence bathed the town of Allasoppa with iridescent glory. It was fitting that the Festival of St. Cecilia should be ushered in with the beautiful melodies of harmonious Nature, swelling in one grand, choral psalm. Therefore had the midsummer been chosen by the inhabitants of Allasoppa for the celebration of the glorious Festival of St. Cecilia.

Allasoppa is a country town, exactly in the middle of the State of Maine. It is a small place, but the heart of its people is great. They love music; hence they are demi-gods, and walk among the sons and daughters of men with star-lit brows.

At the approach of this supernal, egregious, and tropically effulgent festival, there was but one pulse in all Allasoppa; but one heart-throb. Venerable men and women, with the snows of heaven resting lightly on their heads; youths and maidens with the divine illumination of harmony sparkling in their moon-orbed eyes; and little children with bright heads glistened with the music of the ever-shining spheres, gathered together in the forest, and the white tents and green booths arose to the inspiring, and ever-swelling crescendo of John Chittenden's violin.

For John was the most demigodlike among these demigods; not being able to do an earthly thing. He could not have stood that test of sensuous intellect, which unmusical barbarians adopt; he did not know enough to go in when it rained; and had never been able to fathom the mysteries of the English alphabet. But what was all this to the glorious gift given unto him in the diaphanous texture of his inner soul! Music was to him the great exponent of the universe. His violin was the GREAT ALL, with which he bored into the care of the existence of all created beings with whom he held musical communion, common speech being providentially denied him. Therefore was he selected as the orchestra to cheer their souls during the preparations for the exalted rites of the next two days.

The spirit of nature trembled upon every string of his violin, and was thrown off into the circumambient air by the silver-gliding bow. And, like the night-winged crow, it uttered no note of music without good cause. It sang like a maeon, mewed like a cat, barked like a dog, creaked like a wheelbarrow, and squeaked like a mouse; and so cherubic were these strains that tents and booths rose like magic into the transparent, ethereal, etherous ether; and, when night gleamed through the forest, all was complete.

When the morning beams, like the rhythmic cadence which first steals in upon a sense-steeped soul, touched the tree-tops with thermal tints, the statue of St. Cecilia was lifted out of Squire Jones's yellow wagon, and borne by reverent youths to the mossy mound, where it was placed, and then crowned with flowers by an octave of rosy-hued maidens.

The statue was carved by David Lopez, a glorious impersonation of musical manhood, with his breadth of forehead, and full temples, and humorous eyes, and sweet, gentle mouth, and a heart free from every evil taint. For is not every musical soul perfected through the exquisite torture and godlike pain that thrills the tissues of their brains, and permeates their pores with angelic dolce far niente, until they become lifted above the material and the selfish, and all human beings are so many notes with their quavers, and crotchets, to be touched with a skillful hand, dolce piacevolmente espressivo? And are not all lovers of music patient, just, tender, generous, genial, truthful, simple, earnest, liberal, temperate, magnanimous, faithful, simple, sublime, innocent, childlike, and yet with intellect as broad and deep as the Universe?

Such was David Lopez.

His St. Cecilia was a faithful copy of those in the cartoons of Michael Angelo. She was made of maple wood; her face was round like the full moon; her eyes of devotional blue were upturned to heaven until only the whites were visible (which saved David a world of trouble). Not being able to carve the hair artistically, his noble instincts taught him it were best to leave her without any, and to put upon her head, in lieu thereof, the red cap of liberty, which appropriate addition was hailed by the loyal citizens of Allasoppa with shouts and cheers of delight. In her left hand she held a guitar, and, in her right, David, fired with an ardent patriotism, had placed the star-spangled banner, immortal emblems, as he well knew, of the flag that waves from the battlements of the Eternal City, where music dwelleth for evermore.

"Now," said Deacon Elias Root, "we will unite in Old Hundred."

This was sung, then Mead, and Dundee; and then a Breakfast Hymn, words and music by Musidora. It commenced thus:

"Oh, hark to the music of knives and forks!
Hark, hark! away!"

After this bravura they all felt they could eat some breakfast.

After this "music of knives and forks" the Allasopha Philharmonic, Classical-Musico, Diatonic Club gathered around the money mound, and played all through the following programme:

Stabat Mater, in C major, op. 18 Beethoven
[The third movement requiring a "Steinway," will not be performed.]
Overture—"Gloire au Bando" Mozart
Concerto for cymbals, No. 5 Donizetti
1. Allegro. 2. Andante. 3. Finale.
Quartette—"Bonne Etoile" Chopin
Waltz—"Mazurka" Strauss
Stabat Mater, in minor, op. 1, 374, 382 Verdi
La, la, la, [Song without words] Mendelssohn
Fantasies on Themes Ford
Solo for Triangle Schumann
Cavatina—"Dixie" Meyerbeer
Aria for Accordeon—"Mia propria Maria Anna" Schubert

So dulcet, so brillante, so cantabile were these harmonies that the birds of Paradise, and robins, and swans, and jays, and nightingales all took wing from the forest trees, and from that day to this no birds are to be found in that neighborhood save ravens, peacocks, and jackdaws.

The tiger paused in his ferny jungle; the lion lay down in a juniper bush, and the mole looked out from its lair.

Musidora Breve was affected to tears when David played the Aria on his accordeon, and sang, "Aria propriagharria Anna," with that staccato olfactiousness for which the Allasoppites were celebrated, she felt she could bear no more, and she stole away from the group of maidens; but she was not unobserved. David's soul was given to his accordeon, but his heart was Musidora's. Taking his beloved instrument with him he followed her.

I wish the people who invent names for things (whoever they may be), would give to writers of musical numbers some better and more distinctive title than Composers. But it suited Musidora. She was a composer. Her melodies were all of that sweetly gentle character which may appropriately be styled "dream music," having the delicious effect of soothing humanity into blessed, mental condition. It was observable that in her musical compositions the tonics were entirely wanting.

Musidora was a misty, ethereal substance, a lush essence, and as such, was adored by David Loper, who well knew that she moved in a cycle of transcendental apogee to which he could never wing his flight.

But though he could not hope to keep pace with her musical feet, he could with the fleshly members, and he soon overtook her. She was in a rapture, Dogwood's, and water-lilies, and cowslips, and dahlias, and chrysanthemums were pouring their melange of sweets on the summer air, like the fragrance from spice jars when first uncorked.

These children of the divine art walked speechlessly, hand in hand; he with eyes fixed upon her soul-lit countenance, she, with eyes upturned to the cerulean firmament, was composing an aria, which should express the essential essence of all the perfumes she was absorbing into the innermost chords of her musical soul. Such words as piano, forte, *laughing*, *laughing*, *laughing*, occasionally, and showed on what lofty themes her mind was fixed.

Then to both of them there came a shock as of a mighty earthquake, and they found themselves seated on the ground under a spreading fig tree. They had walked off a precipice. Great jagged rocks were around them, but they had escaped them all, and far above their heads towered the black rock from which they had fallen. They looked into each other's pellucid eyes, and David solemnly spoke.

"It is the power of music,"
Slowly her soul returned to earth, "Haow?" said she.

"It is the power of music! You were composing. Oh, Musidora, my angel, my divinity!"

"Oh, my David!" she said, "thus the children of genius are rewarded." And she pressed the end of her little finger to her right temple, and meditated.

"Oh, Musidora, will you not name the day when our lives shall flow in unison—when we can make one common chord? O, tell me, will you not be my third, and fifth?"

She looked at him reproachfully. "The interlude is sweet," she said, and we can make so many appogluturas."

"Naow, Musidora, du name the day," persisted David.

"To-morrow, at the close of the Festival of St. Cecilia. Blessed is the union she presides over."

David had not anticipated this ready, and sweet compliance. "Will she—will she—oh, Musidora, will she pay the rent of Simon Willis's house? and not a cent less than a hundred and fifty, for I asked him yesterday."

"We will speak to him in noble harmonies which will soften his obdurate heart. No language but music will I utter."

"Except to the cook," added David.

She looked at him with atabillous eyes of sad reproach. "Forgive me," he cried, "that was a falsetto."

Here the frogs in a neighboring marsh burst into full chorus.

"Hark!" he said. "List to the celestial bassoon."

"A perfect minor third," said she.

Just then a godlike form appeared upon the rock above them.

"It is he!" they both shrieked. "It is Harmonicon!"

He saw them, and seizing bold of the top of a beech tree he lightly swung himself to the earth, and, having turned three summersets on the rocks, he calmly stood beside them. He was taller than the height of men. His hair was like burnished gold. His eyes were lode-stars. His brow was a crown imperial.

"My children," he said, in a voice that was tearfully cheerful, "I heard of your Festival, and have come hither to conduct the orchestra, and to write a great work, I feel that I shall do it, for I am filled with the tremandos of musical affluence."

He looked at Musidora with a beseeching love.

"You shall have her!" cried the noble, and heroic David. "You need her, and you are great! The money I have spent in furniture and store clothes has gone for naught, for my soul is wedded to her, and, henceforth, divorced from its proper mate, will give itself only to thee, my precious accordeon."

And he pressed to his heart his beloved instrument, which heaved a heavy sigh.

Thus it is that music elevates the soul of man, and renders it capable of mighty deeds of heroism.

Harmonicon sprang up, and kneeled his heels together. Such was his childlike simplicity.

Musidora's sighs mingled with those of the accordeon. She looked tearfully at David, and then placing her hand in Harmonicon's she murmured:

"I am thine!"

They returned to the company. Harmonicon was greeted with that enthusiastic reverence which musical souls feel in the presence of what is immaterial.

"I will write an oratorio!" he shouted, and gave three skips.

And all the people said. "Du tell, naow!"

And then they sang; "Kind words can never die," and separated.

Harmonicon flew to David's tent—"Thy accordeon, paper and ink!" he cried. Swiftly and silently David placed them before him, and then left him alone.

At midnight the oratorio was finished—that transcendently amazing work of art which will endure until time shall be marked no more. Harmonicon called the musicians together, with a blast on the French horn. By sunrise they had all their parts perfectly learned. At noon the people assembled, and for three hours listened to such harmonies as the youngest among them might never hope to hear again. For Harmonicon was Conductor, and his presence, and his living genius inspired the musicians with such fervid zeal, and strength of arms, and lungs that the grand choruses were heard for three-hundred miles.

David had the proud position of first accordeon. His soul was filled with ecstatic gorgeousness while the auriferous melodies quivered, and quivered around him. His bliss was great, and his music was greater.

At the conclusion of the oratorio, when all the assembled multitude crowded around the great composer to congratulate him, David rushed to his tent, overcame with varied emotions—He soon reappeared bearing a bundle, which he cast at the feet of Harmonicon.

"Take them, oh, great-hearted Musician!" he cried. "They are yours."

"What are they, my child?" said the seraphic Harmonicon.

"My accordeon," said the quaking, and impressive David. "You have her—take them. I will give you all my life, all—save my accordeon."

And he played thereon such a perfocal and lachrymordial andante that all wept. And, in the last supernal wall, he drew out the instrument to such an extent that its heart broke, and with a mighty shriek it fell shattered from his nerveless hand.

"My punishment is just!" he sobbed. "I should have given thee that also. Henceforth there is nothing left for me but the auger, and the plane."

And he disappeared.

And Harmonicon and Musidora were married forthwith, and the people of Allasopha saw them no more.

But the statue still stands in the forest, and though the eyes have fallen out, and the nose has been knocked off, and the cap, and flag, and guitar are all gone, still it is worthy of a visit from the curious and the devotional student of the glorious art of Music.

(For the Saturday Press.)

JOSH BILLINGS ON LOVE.

The only natural feeling the young heart possesses is love. It is the first good thing the heart does, and in after life it is often the only good thing it does.

There is no possit virtue in love, and yet it may be the result of the holiest of virtues.

But there is, in this life, a vast deal of Pontoon love, that has no more virtue in it than wooden nutmegs have.

There is, "Love undieing," that generally lives about as long as uncorked ginger pop does.

There is "Love Untold," which is always told to somebody who will listen to it, and is as full of pathos as a pork and beans' nightmare.

And there is "Love at sight," to which I will add, Love for 90 days.

These are sum of the different kinds of Love that are denominated passion, and form much of the trading capital that lovers do business on.

There is not much sin in these different styles of love; they don't seem to get up to the dignity of sin; there is deception in them without doubt; but the deception is like Costar's celebrated Rat Exterminator, it won't hurt anybody else but the rats.

I am not prepared to say that I would like to see these things done away with, for something was might spring up in the place of them; they seem to be necessary in carrying on a trade in which judgment has to yield to fancy, and fancy is too often forced to yield to nonsense.

If we could (any of us) have our old courtship written out and given to us for perusal we should probably look upon it as we would upon a Chinese comic almanack, unable to understand the pictures, and satisfied that the astronomical calculations were never designed for our latitude.

AMERICAN PIANOS AND PIANISTS IN EUROPE.

The few years that have elapsed since what were deemed pianos of the first class were imported from Europe by those pretending to refined musical taste, have been sufficient to create an unprecedented revolution in that branch of manufacturing industry, and American pianos and makers now take the lead, instead of following in the wake of those of Europe.

The models the latter gave us in the infancy of our manufacture have been so vastly improved upon here, that European makers have been content to copy these improvements, and the results of our inventive genius; but, like all copies, they have fallen far short of the American originals, the latter being regarded as far superior to the European make by the very same artists who, when they made professional tours in this country, deemed it necessary to bring a European piano with them to play upon, thinking one of American make unfit for their use.

It was thus with Hertz, Leopold De Meyer, Alfred Jael, Thalberg, and others who now freely, and with good grace, admit the superiority of the American instrument. So, also, in regard to American pianists; wherever they have performed in Europe, they have challenged admiration and success; and were Mills, Gottschalk, Mason, Goldbeck, Hoffman, &c., to make a European tour, they could not fail in vying with the foremost European celebrities and surpassing the majority. All of our musical readers will remember the boy pianist, Willie Pape, whose remarkable talent excited the surprise of our musical world a few years since, and who left this his native land five years ago to seek fame and fortune in Europe. The youth is now a man, and the American boy is now court pianist to the Royal family of England, by command of the Prince and Princess of Wales. In an interesting letter of his under date of London, Feb. 4, he says:

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:—I am much pleased to see the rapid advances you are making, and the numerous certificates you have so deservedly obtained. Should my humble opinion be of any weight, you may add that I give my four hundredth piano-forte recital at Cheltenham on the 10th of this month since my arrival here; that during my four annual visits to Paris I have used the Grand Pianos of all the first European manufacturers, but have found no instrument equal to the one I purchased of you. In fact, I consider one of your finest Square Pianos, equal to any one of the grand pianos manufactured here. Truly yours,

WILLIE PAPE,
Pianist to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales.

An endorsement so unequivocal, added to the many strong endorsements already received, must be truly gratifying to the firm to which the above letter was addressed.—N. Y. Tribune.

Books Received.

Miss Mather's. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," the "Perpetual Curate," etc. Paper; pp. 182. New York: Harper & Bros.

The True History of a Little Ragamuffin. By the author of "The Adventures of Reuben Daviger; Seventeen Years and Four Months Captive among the Dyaks of Borneo." Paper; pp. 184. New York: Harper & Bros.

Gilbert Ruggs. A Novel. By the author of "A First Friendship." Paper; pp. 328. New York: Harper & Bros.

Doctor Kemp; the Story of a Life with a Riemish. Paper; pp. 128. New York: The American News Company.

Betsy Jane Ward (Better Half to Artemus). Her Book of Goats; with a Full Account of the Courtship and Marriage to a said Artemus, and Mister Ward's Cutting-up with the Mormon's rare Secks. With Pictures drawn by Mrs. B. Jane Ward. 12mo pp. 312. New York: James O'Kane, No. 126 Nassau Street.

The Masquerade, and other Poems. By John Godfrey Saxe. 12 mo, pp. 237. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. New York: B. H. Ticknor, 83 Cleverly Street.

Poor Mail; or the Clouded Intellect. By Jean Ingelow, author of "Studies for Stories," "Stories Told to a Child." Boston: Roberts Brothers. New York: Oliver S. Felt.

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A Curiosity for the Ladies.

There is on exhibition at the saleroom of Messrs. WHEELER & WILSON, No. 625 Broadway, the first Sewing Machine (No. 1) made by that Company, the present number being 220,000. Let the interested compare the machine sold in 1851 for \$125 with those now offered for \$55. The former owner of this machine gives its history as follows:

"This machine was finished early in 1851, and I learned its use from Mr. Wilson himself. I was thus, you see, the first to work the Wheeler & Wilson machine, and learned on the first machine they ever manufactured."

"In 1854 I earned with the machine \$250, besides doing my own housework and taking care of my baby. In 1856 we came to Danvers, and brought the machine with us. I believe it is the first machine ever brought to Iowa."

"I ran that machine almost constantly for more than fourteen years, on all sorts of work, from the finest dressmaking to the heaviest tailoring. I quilted a full-sized white bed-spread with it, which has been exhibited three times at the Fair. It took me three weeks to do it with my other work; but it could not have been done by hand in as many years. I have even stitched leather with it, and at the time I exchanged it, (in 1865), for No. 104,320, it worked just as well as when made."

"It is perhaps unnecessary for me to add that I believe the Wheeler & Wilson to be vastly superior to any other machine made."

Yours, respectfully,

P. E. B.

Time gives all things. Use only furnishes the final test. Opinion of the skillful may be of value, but time is needed to confirm them. All others have had their advocates. It is noteworthy that the Sewing Machine for which the highest premium was awarded at the World's Fair here in 1853 long since sunk into married oblivion. The past fifteen years has seen numerous machines, with high-sounding pretensions, rise with a flourish, command the simple, and vanish. So will it be while credulity lasts.

The Wheeler & Wilson Company fixed upon the "Lock Stitch" as the one best suited to the general purposes of sewing, for beauty, permanence, elasticity, and economy of thread, and experience has confirmed the preference. It was at liberty then, as now, to make the chain-stitch machine; and even now, at a cost of less than

ten cents each, can adopt its lock-stitch machine to make the chain stitch as well as the lock-stitch; but, not believing in the stitch, has steadily refused to give it any kind of an endorsement.

While this Company has given to the public the best fruits of inventive genius, it has guarded it from a multitude of traps. Attachments have been added for various purposes, as hemming, binding, braiding, cording, &c., but it has been kept free of all needless complications. Simplicity of parts, and adaptation to the widest range of work, has been the constant aim. Instead of boasting of a variety of useless stitches and movements, it claims to make but one kind of stitch, and that with the finest movement possible. Hence the machine may run constantly for fourteen years, like the No. 1 above-mentioned, or a lifetime, even, and work just as well as when new. With a complication of parts and movements, it would require monthly repairs and adjustments. As the purchase of a sewing-machine is, or may be, an act for a lifetime, care should be had in getting what time and use have approved.—Cm. Advertiser.

AMUSEMENTS.

WALLACK'S.

Proprietor and Manager Mr. LESTER WALLACK
Open at half-past seven. Begin at eight.

Carriages may be ordered at 11 o'clock, as the play now concludes at that hour.

NOTICE

Attention is respectfully called to the fact that (to secure all possible advantage of space for the display of the scenery,) the division of Acts will be marked by the

GREEN CURTAIN

Instead of the usual ACT DROP.

EVERY NIGHT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Mr. Charles Reade's great Drama, founded upon his highly popular novel, entitled

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Which has had an uninterrupted run of 150 nights in London.

WITH NEW SCENERY, BY MISSER. ISHERWOOD AND MAKER, MACHINERY, BY MR. BUTLER AND ASSISTANTS, COSTUMES BY MISSER. PLANKY AND RENEGOTON, APPROPRIATE MUSIC BY MR. MOLLERHAUER, AND GREAT CAST.

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Tickets for sale at the music stores and at Irving Hall.

For which occasion the following eminent artists have kindly consented to assist:

MISS MARIA BRAINARD, (Soprano.)

MISS ROSE EYTINGER, (Dramatic Artist.)

MR. CARLYLE PETERSHILL, (Pianist.)

(His first appearance in America.)

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(Continued from Page 3.)

Love begets love. If some one tells you she loves you, you may not love her to-day, but the probabilities are that you will to-morrow. The seed has not dropped upon stony places, but into a human heart. Just now you may not perceive that it has vitality, but wait a little; give it now and then a thought, water it with a tear, and in some moment when you least dream of it, lo! it has put up a leaflet and budded, and exhales a perfume of Paradise. Mrs. Holland could not suffer Kate to return to the kitchen again; as Bow-bells made a Lord Mayor of Whittington, so this sentence had made her a daughter of the house, and Mr. Holland gladly ratified the treaty. It was a sunbeam they had entrapped; her innocent prattle was like bird-song, her little fingers were as deft as a fairy's, her temper resembled steel, tried and elastic; you would have said that in some other life it had passed through the fiery ordeal, and had been bequeathed to her the perfected thing. And how she sang! Down below there, in the kitchen, she had been dumb, but now it was as if she had escaped from prison and shouted *Te Deum*. Hector was away at school when this happened, only his portrait hung against the wall, and whoever sat beneath it felt as if they sat in the sun. Kate used to get up in a chair and kiss the mouth, and look into the eyes, and entreat him not to get feruled, nor play "hokey," till old Betty declared that she wore the paint off.

And so time slipped away, unawares, and Hector had thrown up a student's life and taking to a sea-faring one instead; and Mrs. Holland had gone away years before, never to return; and Kate sat in her place and drew the tea for Mr. Holland, and read to him during the weary winter evenings when his eyes failed him, while Hector perhaps whistled for the wind becalmed on distant seas, or won bravely through danger and adventure in his long, lonesome voyages. When he came home he used to bring her little trinkets from abroad; pretty necklaces, woven by Spanish fingers; slippers from India, embroidered by native handicraft, with the gold-striped wing-cases of the *Bande d'ore* feather-fans, whose brilliant coruscations had flashed through tropical forests; sandal-wood boxes that hived the odor of sores of Indian summers, perfumes from France, and outlandish nicknacks from China.

After his mother's death the correspondence had fallen to her share, and Hector never missed the opportunity of a foreign port, or a homeward-bound vessel, to drop her a line, which, reaching the quiet sea-board town, with its quaint postage-stamp, its faint sea odor, and its nautical style, affected her like a page out of some marine novel. When one of these arrived, she would read it at the tea-table to his father, re-read to herself between sips of the Japan tea he had brought home from his last cruise, then slipping it back into its envelope, there would be nothing more spoken of but Hector and his whereabouts, interspersed with little good-natured quarrels as to his probable return. If she did love him, it was the most natural thing in the world; if she didn't, I don't see how she could help it.

But one day when Hector came ashore, buoyant and sunburnt, and strode straight to his home whistling "The Girl I left behind me," something saddened him, as he passed along the garden wall. Perhaps the neglected garden itself; perhaps the house, with its blinds closed, and its air of solitude; but when he found Kate, sitting at work in her black gown,

"Where is my father?" he asked.

"Dear Hector," said she, "he has gone to meet your mother," and they wept together.

He made a long stay at home this time, settling his father's estate, which had dwindled to the ghost of one; and because it struck him now, for the first time, that there was something different from brotherly regard in his admiration of Kate; and just because many a man bold in danger is timid in love, he neglected a hundred opportunities of declaring himself, and for all I know would have let slip as many more, but for her own impulsive introduction of the subject.

And so, as I said, Kate sat down under Mrs. Dewitt's wing, and Hector put out to sea. He had stepped ashore a light-hearted, winsome boy; he set sail a man, with a whole heartful of sorrows. As the land-lights slowly wavered and dissolved into distance behind him he thought with bitterness of his late repulse, of his wish to be a screen between Kate and misfortune. He pictured to himself the difference if she had vouchsafed him a syllable of hope, so he might believe that she sent a thought or a prayer—a crystallized thought—after him, once in a while, to wait him out of this doldrum.

In the mean while Kate had hardly fair play. She had devoured a good many novels of the circulating library type, and had a notion that such a thing as a lover was to be met with in some ruin, or the dim, religious light of long drawn aisles—that he would wear a slouched hat was a matter of course, with sword and pistol by his side; that he would go through fire and water for his true love's sake, renounce friends, fortune, and ambition, and—perhaps be cheated of her at last. Though up to this hour no particular hero had won her, an ideal had ever beckoned her into some lordly *chateau en Espagne*, just now, in her sentimental or grub state, out of which she is soon to flutter and fly, I am afraid that if she had known it possible to transform Hector into the Ideal, she would have yet persisted in a refusal, in order to create fresh obstacles and romantic material. But there is nothing bursts the cocoon of sentimentalism so easily as having "to take arms against a sea of troubles," being impressed into the standing army of the diligent.

Perhaps if Mr. Holland had lived a few years longer he would have extricated himself from his embarrassments, and his estate would, without doubt, have been divided between Kate and Hector; but his sudden death, on the brink of a great financial earthquake developed other events.

The home to which Kate went was a comfortable and far gayer than that she had left, but she soon began to feel that it was not her own. Somehow or other the hands of friendship are colder than those of love; the blood doesn't seem to travel to the fingers' ends often enough. She had been taken so unreservedly into the hearts of her dead friends that, till now, she had been at a loss to know the odds between ownership or adoption; *here*, it was sufficiently manifested. Mrs. Dewitt had daughters of her own, and though she was never unkind or grudging, still there was a strange want of tact in all she said or did. Kate missed Mr. Holland's kind consideration, she missed being "the person of the house," she missed entire freedom, and, if the truth must be told, she missed Hector. Above all, Hector's words puzzled her; they repeated themselves at most extraordinary moments. "I am ready, Kate." When she sang, they pushed out the original lines of the ballad, and only an effort of will prevented her from uttering them; sometimes occurring to her in seasons of sadness, they never failed to impart a warmth and thrill like that of spring; it was an Ave which she breathed silently to exorcise discontent. What if he really did love her, and it was no fable with which she amused herself? What if he had not meant merely to sacrifice himself, because she had offered herself to him? Those were queries worth solving; worth going to Delphi to consult the oracle upon. But then she had—it was undeniable that she had—in a manner provoked his response, and she questioned if his words were any other than the situation of things would have called forth from any generous and gallant gentleman; still his air had not been that of a martyr, though she knew that there are noble souls who carry all their own sacrifices to your credit account. How many hours she vexed herself over these things; and how reluctantly she came to the conclusion, that she must needs prove to him that her offer was involuntary by making sure of not loving him! Oh, very fine, my lady Kate; but how to make sure? Positively the Ideal was more a myth than ever; for the more heroic and unselfish Hector appears to her, the more must he demand of her heart.

Then, too, she reflected that she was not acting the part nature had evidently assigned to her in throwing her a second time upon the world. It was spiritless in her to sit still and eat the bread of dependence; she ought to be up and stirring; consequently, she moped. One day, having mentioned something of the kind to Mrs. Dewitt, "Why, Kate," said that lady a little touched, and not a little indelicately, "you are no more dependent here than at Mr. Holland's, and there you were happy enough."

"Yes," said Kate, "but—"

"If it would make you feel easier," continued Mrs. Dewitt, "you are well taught, why not take a singing-school?" feeling certain that in such a discordant element she would soon come to terms. So she busied herself among her acquaintances; but Mrs. Rich's daughters thought themselves already wise; Mrs. Best's were under the tuition of Signor Sobamoni; the Miss Styles had been taught in Europe, and the little Prattlers hadn't any voices; "As if," cried one, behind the applicant's back—"as if a girl picked out of the gutter is a suitable person to instruct my children!" "Give some folks an inch and they'll take an ell," remarked Mrs. Best, who had always taken care to provoke no one to such an extremity by never offering an inch or anything else. So there was an end of it. But Kate could not rest here; a primary school falling vacant, she made haste to apply for it, and, directly, her drudgery began. Slave of the bell, if not of the ring: under the thumb of infantile mischief-makers; at the beck and call of a-b, abs; beset by interrogation notes—an octave at once, but without ever striking a true chord; and left without time to count four. Generalissima of the Pythagorean battalions, and repelling the enemy at the point of the ferule, or, more strictly, giving them a broadside; hampered with parallels, but allowed little latitude, unless it were geographical; and yet without freeing herself from the yoke of dependence, merely defraying the expenses of a limited wardrobe. The constant strain upon her nerves kept her on the edge of a fever; the necessity for having her eyes everywhere at once made her head feel more like a top than anything besides; while the continual stream of words demanded, in order to enforce, explain, and persuade, threatened her with a serious difficulty of the throat.

Now, too, every high wind made her melancholy; its bugle-tones pierced her like daggers. On evenings when the curtains shut out the stormy night, with all its vague terrors; when the cheerfulness within doors annihilated the impetuous voice without; when song and mirth, and the interchange of wit, left no pause for the wild refrain of the elements to touch one other with a sense of desolation, Kate reviewed the pictures of wreck and tempest Hector had sketched for her. She saw angry breakers piling their ghostliness high against the black sky; she felt their stinging breath against her bosom; the voice of deep calling unto deep appalled her soul; she saw hurrying feet trip on the slippery deck, the eager will of men at the pumps, the utter anguish of despairing faces; the crash of parting timbers shook her; the powdering spray blinded her eyes; till suddenly she became conscious of a hull, and as if from miles away, Mrs. Dewitt called to her,

"Kate, Kate, are you asleep? Don't you hear Mr. Edmonton asking for 'The long, long weary Day!'"

She knew what such days were like, and gave it with such a heart-breaking pathos that the young man bending beside her half mistrusted it was less for him that she sang than to give utterance to some silent pang.

"You sing *cos expressions*," he said, bending still lower: "if I were that absent lover—"

"But you are *here*, Mr. Edmonton; how could we do without you this dreary evening?"

"Then I should not be missed if the stars were out."

Kate laughed softly, and took up the evening paper. As some people strike for the Poet's Corner, so she turned to the Marine News.

"The newspaper," said Eugenia, "is a household Lar to each of us; we all go to it for what we want. Father's interest is in the money-markets and Congressional debates; mother spends herself upon the literary notices and personals; Kate sees nothing but the Marine list, while Theo and I content ourselves with the marriages."

"Pray, don't Hector Kate," said Theo.

"And Miss Kate is devoted to the marine?" asked Mr. Edmonton, still hovering near her. "Positively I shouldn't object to braving the dangers of the sea myself if I were sure you would hunt me up nightly; if, whenever we spoke a homeward-bound vessel, I could reckon with something like certainty that in so many days you would give me a thought."

Kate laid down the paper and went to the window:

"The stars are out," said she.

"Is that a hint for me to follow their example?" asked Mr. Edmonton.

"It is for me," said Kate, throwing up the sash and stepping out upon the piazza.

"Kate, Kate," cried Mrs. Dewitt, "you will catch your death! Do, Theo, carry her shawl out to her."

Mr. Edmonton took it. "Allow me," said he, and he followed Kate's footsteps.

"Miss Kate," he said, "you forget your health and me."

"I am not likely to forget you," she replied, ungraciously.

"Kate, Kate, is it true?" he entreated, mistaking her, "Will you let me love you?"

Why not? Was not here a chance to show how little her heart belonged to Hector? how unpremeditated her words had been? If some one loved her should she not be grateful? She was all alone; who else cared for her? And here too, was freedom from care and dependence. Only one word, and she was rich and respected, with a home and a heart all her own; and though she had no heart to give in return she put her hand in his and the magical word was spoken. Well, if she had been an angel she wouldn't have been a woman.

Mr. Edmonton returned to the drawing-room merely to say good-night; Kate, but a hasty retreat into her own room; there, the first thing she did was to turn Hector's portrait to the wall, then she sat down and made an argument for her own persuasion and cried herself to sleep.

"I am delighted!" declared Mrs. Dewitt, when it came to her ears. "Of course, you must marry sooner or later, and that horrid school would wear you out before long."

"Dear me," said Theo, "we must be looking up wedding-presents!"

"Yes," said Eugenia, with charming simplicity, "there's nothing so delightful as the prospect of a wedding. I don't know as it is necessary to add that she appended to her diary for that day the following item: "Kate is going to marry Mr. Edmonton; Heaven only knows when my turn will come."

The marriage was to take place in the course of a couple of months, and in the mean while the sewing-machine turned out a wardrobe, by means of its enlivening rat-tat-tat, with nearly as much expedition as Cinderella's god-mother had done.

Kate had made up her mind—rather late in the day to be sure—that a thing of this kind must not be done by the halves; that she must make an effort in Mr. Edmonton's behalf: so, in order to effect a beginning, she avoided the marine news, or she would not have been surprised when Theo danced into her room, with:

"There you can't guess whom mamma has picked up in her rambles."

"Evidently somebody you're interested in," said Kate, with indifference.

"Indeed," returned Theo, coloring, "I used to fancy that the shoe was on the other foot."

"And now you find it's slipshod," said Eugenia, putting her head in at the door; "Oh, lady, leave thy silken thread; the strong-hearted son of Priam awaits you below, and in half an hour the train leaves."

"Oh, Hector!" cried Kate, letting every thing drop.

"My dear Kate," said Mrs. Dewitt, "I've been trying to persuade Captain Holland to stay to your wedding; but as he has only a few minutes to spare, he just stepped in to see the last of you."

"The last of me," repeated Kate, putting her hand to her head; "I should think I was going to be annihilated."

"It amounts to that," said Theo, sallying.

"If that's your view of it," Miss Theo, returned Hector, "I'm afraid there'll be soon hearts broken, unless we can confer you to the true faith."

Kate looked at him while he spoke. There was the old sparkle in his eyes, like the sun on the sea, and the rich color palpitating across the smooth

cheek; and then a great pain smote her, as Theo's coquettish beauty assured her how easily one might love. So they chatted the half-hour away, the train whistled, the bell rang—Hector turned to bid Kate good-by:

"You are perfectly happy?" he asked, aside.

"Every thing has its drawbacks," she answered lightly, avoiding his eye; "if one dress-maker will go and be ill, and leave one with the prospect of ill-fitted gowns, what is happiness worth?"

Happy! she would let him see how well she could do without him—what a slight thing it was to say adieu with a smile. When she thought he had gone, he returned to say, "You are quite sure?"

An inexpressible longing seized her: she put out her arm with the old imploring gesture. Too late; the door closed as if it shut her out of heaven. Hector was gone!

"Mercy, what's the matter with Kate!" exclaimed Theo, turning from the window with half a sigh.

"Nothing," said Kate, making a feint at laughing; "only the pain in my back prevents me standing on my feet, a *la Squeers*."

"Take a blue pill," advised Theo, who dosed upon the least provocation.

"Dear, dear," quavered Mrs. Dewitt, "have you had it long? Is it very bad? Why didn't you mention it before?"

"I don't like to keep boring the community with my pains and aches; I thought it would go away presently."

"Now, you're not going to be ill and spoil every thing?" questioned Eugenia. But the lack-lustre eyes, the flushed face, answered her; and Kate was tucked into bed, and the wedding garments tucked out of sight.

Hector has been gone a month. Out at sea it is a gray morning, but it is Kate's wedding morning. It seems to him that this would lend a rose-color to the darkest sky but for a pain that comes and goes. Yet he does not fold his hands and let the ship drift at will; he is alert and active, preparing to meet the threatened storm. In between all the tumults, the reefing of sails, the sparring and joking of the crew, he listens to the wedding anthem, sending a thrill through all the glittering organ-pipes. He seems to see the yellow sunlight falling, solid as gold, in at the long church windows at home, and touching like a benediction the bridal group. Then he hears the wind hastening to overtake him, and he turns to his men and says, "We shall have a rough bout, my boys!" And he glances about him, and thinks that for each man here in danger, there, at home, is a watcher in pain; but for him, he is alone, and a tear congeals deep in his heart; for those tears that fail to bubble over at the eye freeze at the fountainhead.

The sunshine can hardly be guessed at, banished as it is behind thick curtains from a gloomy sick room. Here no anthems mellow swell pierces, only the hushed step of a nurse breaks silence, or the slow alarm of the clock down-stairs totting out the heavy hours.

"Does it rain?" asks a thin voice.

"Rain! Never a drop; unless it rains sunlight. It's the bonniest day from Yule to midsummer."

"It's 'most night, isn't it?"

"In China it is, may be."

"I am starved, nurse; can't you go down and bring me something?"

As the nurse's pattering step dies away, Kate rises on elbow with effort and pulls away a corner of the curtain. Such billows of light! Such an ocean of blue! "My wedding-day," she says, and laughs shortly. Then she reaches a hand-glass from the bureau, and gazes long and silently into its lustrous disk, as if, bit by bit, slowly, like one mastering a new language, she were spelling out her future fate. It is a little mirror, framed in a fantastic carving of sandal-wood, inlaid with freaks of ebony, that has done service in the family this century, perhaps. Some fastidious ancestress of Hector's brought it from France along with her other fancies and follies. It has seen generations pass by; innocent child-eyes have hung about it; faded faces searched it for vanished birth-rights; funeral tears bedimmed it. If the long perspective of its views could step into shape once more, what an epitome of life and death would be there presented! There, what bride has blushed and smiled to find herself so sweet? what haughty belle given the last touch to her enchantments? Here, to-day, what was disfigurement answers to the questioning eyes? She does not cry out nor shatter the glass that has already survived so much for telling such truth, but she slips it beneath her pillow, saying:

"Lie there, little mentor; I must get used to myself first; I never expected such a lesson from you." And so sleep descends upon her, and in her dreams she is fair again.

Kate's first thought upon comprehending the ruin of her beauty was Hector; her next, Mr. Edmonton; a strange inversion considering all things. Mrs. Dewitt had taken herself and family out of the house at the first alarm, but not in time to save Theo from a slight attack, and long before she returned Kate had taken two steps alone, as she was fond of doing. When there was no longer any danger she sent for her lover, and was a little wounded—even though she only sent for him in order to send him away—that he delayed coming for several days. Then he arrived with countless apologies and a manner somewhat dashed with ice.

"I am astonished to see you so well, Kate," he said, taking a seat at a respectful distance. "I shall bring the carriage round to-morrow if your physician agrees."

"Thank you, Mr. Edmonton; but you must have been surprised at my sending for you."

"You must have been surprised at my not coming before."

"Not at all. I sent for you because I have something to say, which I thought only a personal encounter would seem to justify."

"Really," said he, "you speak in enigmas; no treason, I hope." Like many of us, now that the possession was drifting beyond reach, he wasn't certain but he valued it.

"The staunchest loyalty instead; I wish to acquit you of your promise to me; seeing, as you must, that I am not at all the same as when it was made."

"Indeed, Kate, I should know you were the very same if only by this caprice; I decline to accept my acquittal," he added, warming.

"But truly, Mr. Edmonton, I am in earnest."

"So am I." Some people, perceiving that you are bent upon refusing their magnanimity, never scruple to press it, knowing that it is both safe and heroic.

"I am in earnest," she repeated; "selfishly, perhaps, because I request the same favor of you."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, making an effort to look grave and grieved. "Miss Kate, you must believe that this pains me deeply," he added, with due solemnity.

"I am sorry to be the cause of pain to you, Mr. Edmonton, but—"

"You do not love me," he interrupted, jumping at a conclusion with the ease of a mental athlete. "One must face the truth; but oh, it is bitter enough, Kate!" he continued, with amazing resignation, unless, like Talleyrand, he could receive a thrust in the back without showing it in his face.

"I think you will be able to bear it," she answered, coolly.

"Time is the great alleviator," he philosophized; "but it can have no effect upon my regard for you."

"I thank you," said Kate, and he left her with the air of an injured man.

The next day Mrs. Dewitt returned.

"My dear Kate," said that lady, "you look much better than I expected. What does Mr. Edmonton say to it?"

"He says 'Good-bye!'"

"Truly?"

"It is fair to say that I set the example."

"Well, beauty is but skin deep, Kate, as you and I have proved. And if you have lost your complexion and your lever, nobody can rob you of your pretty Greek nose."

"And your eyes," added Eugenia; "I never saw them so large."

"I wouldn't give a fig for lovers," said Theo; "they are dreadfully vexatious."

"Sour grapes, I guess," said Eugenia, who entertained other views on the subject.

There's one comfort," said Theo, "Mr. Edmonton's loss is our gain; we can keep you ourselves now."

"You are very kind; but not if Mrs. Gray keeps her engagements."

"Dear me, mamma, I wonder if it is the Mrs. Gray we met at Oldport: she said she had just engaged a governess? And if you aren't worn to death, Kate, with those little wretches of hers, she wields another instrument of torture which is sure to finish you."

"Yes, indeed," added Eugenia; "and she plumes herself upon changing her governesses every six months. She thinks they wear out in that time; I should think they would."

"She evidently goes upon the principle of the new broom," said Mrs. Dewitt. "You had better not think of it, Kate."

"I should like to see how long I can sweep clean."

And thus Mrs. Gray took her into custody.

Master Harry, though lying under the imputation of being a nonesuch—which no one could deny—was at the same time a thorn in the flesh. It seemed as natural for him to tread on other people's toes as for most boys to tread on their own; he tripped as often over Kate's skirts as over his lessons; he upset an ink-bottle into her lap, and sopped it up with her embroidered handkerchief; he begged the balls of agate off her bracelet for marbles, borrowed her penknives, and lost her pencils; scribbled over her choicest books, and contradicted her a dozen times a day; he put the school-room clock forward, and tore out the hard problems in his arithmetic; he was curious about "such lots of little holes" on her face, told her she wasn't nearly so pretty "as the last one," and was constantly at her elbow requesting her to play cat's-cradle with him, "because Miss Fink used to," or to convert his handkerchief into sails for a ship, which he ballasted with the contents of her work-box, and manned with hair-pins; sometimes finishing his most provoking day by presenting her with the only flower in bloom upon his mother's house-plants—the apple of her eye—and asking the favor of a fairy-story after tea.

As for Miss Emma, though in advance of him in years, she was not behindhand in annoyances; she tripped on all Kate's garments from boot to bonnet, bathed in her Cologne water, broke her vinaigrette, read her letters, and turned her bureau drawers topsy-turvy. It was Miss Katherine here, and Miss Katherine there; and, "Miss Katherine, won't you box Harry's ears? Mother doesn't allow me, and he keeps pounding the piano while I practice;" and "Miss Katherine, will you mend this tear in my frock before mother sees it, and scolds?" and "You don't look bad at all, when your veil's down;" and "Miss Katherine, what are airs and graces? Mother says you would do very well if you hadn't so many;" and "Miss Katherine, have you seen better days? Mother says you have." Kate thought she had. Yet what could she do but let patience have its

perfect work, and take whatsoever these days might bring her of weal or woe?

One morning when Kate appeared at breakfast, she found Mrs. Gray smiling over an open letter.

"What do you think of a voyage to England, Miss Katherine?" she asked.

To England! Hadn't she thought of it ever since she could think at all? Hadn't it been her pet day-dream, time out of mind; at least ever since Hector had made her familiar with its ports, and told her such wonderful things of the crowd uncoiling along Chesapeake, like some painted puzzle, of which no one knew the beginning, nor could guess the end. "Across the Atlantic" was a clause which she analyzed and disposed of according to the laws of imagination rather than those of the grammarian.

"I should think you would enjoy it," she answered, wondering if she were to lose her situation by the means.

"You see," Mrs. Gray proceeded to say, "Mr. Gray has written for myself and the children—Emma, take your elbows off the table—to meet him at Liverpool, since his business will detain him a year or two longer; and, furthermore—you will upset your plate in your lap, Emma, the next thing, as I once saw happen at a dinner party—as I was saying, he desires that I should bring a governess, if I have one according to my taste, and I don't know but I might as well take you, Miss Katherine, as a stranger."

This was such a cool way of disposing of her that Kate's blood rose, and she had half a mind to decline the nomination; but one has occasionally to swallow a great deal of bitter bread or go hungry, so she merely answered, "I shall esteem it a great opportunity, thank you." So there was a holiday granted that Miss Katherine might assist at the packing, and save Mrs. Gray a seamstress.

The passage abroad is such an expensive affair at the best, you know; and a penny saved is a penny earned, without reflecting that in this case it went into the wrong pocket.

However, it was not unpleasant work to sit and stitch quietly, and engage in a little "aerial architecture" on one's own behalf. I am afraid there was a slight reaction, when at last the steamer got under way, and Kate found herself "under the weather," utterly indifferent to any earthly chance, careless whether the world turned Mormon or the moon into green cheese; whether the abolition movement gained ground or the steamer gained time; oblivious to the fear of looking shabby in London or the hope of meeting Hector unawares; heedless whether she starved to death or ate cold gruel, and fully realizing, for the first time, that the earth revolves on its axis. As for Mrs. Gray, seasickness wasn't a match for her; if she experienced a little "seasickness," as she called it, she laid violent hands, or rather tongue, upon some unfortunate, and "talked it off." She talked with the passengers, gentle and simple; with the captain, the sailors, and the stewards; and when all else failed her, improvised a lingo suitable for the parrot which chattered in the saloon, till pretty Polly revenged herself by repeating her frequent question whenever the children appeared, "Is Katherine up? Is Katherine up?" or, seriously reiterating the command to Harry to "tie up shoe," and "be gentleman."

"I have made the acquaintance of the most charming person, Katherine," said Mrs. Gray, one morning. "He is the most brilliant discusser I have ever met with," which only meant that he listened admirably. "I only wish you were able to see him," she continued.

"Who is he?" asked Kate, out of complaisance.

"The Prince of Goodfellow, or the Duke of Small-talk?"

"I perceive that you are recovering—"

"My curiosity, at least."

"Yes; ah, his name—did any one call me? hark!—his name is Mr.—there's the tag off Emma's boot-lacing new; I never saw such a destructive child—oh, I was speaking of Mr. Edmonton, wasn't I? That's his name; aristocratic, isn't it?"

Kate groaned and experienced a relapse, and Mrs. Gray betook herself into the inexpressible society of Mr. Edmonton.

By-and-by, when Kate gained heart to stagger upon deck to see the sun set over the water, she found Mr. Edmonton no such formidable being; indeed, rather handy to bring cushions and poise a spy-glass, to furnish interesting items concerning the monsters of the deep, that now and then parted the wave with grotesque head or inviolated fin; ready with repartee, and gracious beyond measure. He knew her songs and her friends, and she smiled to herself in thinking that chance had sent them together on the same voyage, which they had thought to take once before, while matrons and maidens observed them askance, and wondered if they were lovers, or "how such an elegant young man could fancy that plain governess?" only Kate knew it was not fancy so much as habit, and a desire to see if the flame still attracted the moth—to prove himself. Yet it is dangerous to play with fire, we hear. One cannot suppose Kate so interested in going over the old battle-ground as to reap any very keen pleasure therefrom; and the days that burned themselves away over the ocean in gold-stone and ruby masses brought such hours of ennui that the tossing plume of a sea-bird, the ghostly glimmer of a distant sail, the white water-column of a spouting whale, even the variations of meals, became epochs in her existence of wonderful intensity.

But not always thus were they to suffer monotony. At last one night the starry heavens receded behind pillars of purple clouds, the winds swept the sea, and curled it into heaps of shifting foam, and shook it

out again, like webs of finest lace; the great waters seemed opening a thousand gulfs to close over them, the tempest groping for them with a cruel grasp, while the grand orchestra of the elements rung in upon their souls with pitiless, stern harmony. It was a night to be remembered, should any survive to remember; for wearing the hours away in apprehension and terror, there came to their expectant ears the order to back the engines and start the pumps, followed by eager endeavors to stop the leak, till, gaining upon them, it put out the engine fires, and made it evident to all that before daylight the ship would have disappeared forever.

What wild disorder crowned this intelligence; what wringing of hands, what tears and cries for aid from absent friends, what agonized silence, what frantic lamentations! It was an experience to wring the bravest head, to wrinkle the smoothest cheek, to chasten the most heedless heart. At the beginning Kate had gone into her state-room, locked her trunk and put the key into her pocket, possibly in the same bewilderment that prompts people, in times of fire, to lock up their silver—sometimes, no doubt, a wise precaution—then she sat a little apart in order to compose her mind and think somewhat. She tried to persuade herself that death was no such bitter thing after all; that it was but one pang, one shudder, one grasping after the flying world—and behold, a whole eternity of bliss, such as it hath not entered into the heart of man to understand! She thought of herself as already dead, lying peacefully at the bottom of the sea, the weight of waters rolling forever above her in endless chant and dirge; the world sweeping on, year after year, without a thought for her; perhaps, some day, a stately ship go sailing over her resting place—all unguessed at—and sad eyes question the remorseless main of her fate; and she felt that then her very bones, long mouldering below, must quiver and agonize to answer him.

"Love art thou sweet? Then bitter death must be," must have been her conclusion, for besides Hector, who would shed a tear for her? And he, too, might not some morning's sunshine find him gay and forgetful? Oh, to be forgotten, for ever and ever, or remembered only as a dream! Yet there was one had promised to hold her in everlasting remembrance.

While thus endeavoring to possess her soul in patience something led her to glance up. Mr. Edmonton stood near her, holding a life-preserver, with some half-uttered sentence on his lip, which she interpreted in her own way.

"Oh no, no, Mr. Edmonton," she cried, "I should scorn my life if I bought it at such a price. You are too thoughtful and unselfish; I would not wear your life-preserver on any account!"

"I—I wish—"

"Pray do not urge it, Sir! I thank you beyond measure, but I couldn't do it; I should feel wicked."

"Really, Miss Kate, I should be happy to abdicate to you; but you—you mis—that is, I—won't you give me a string, if it will not be too much trouble? a strong string to secure this portion of it—thank you, thank you!"

At any other time Kate might have known a supreme confusion, but this was no hour for awkward trivialities. Already they had lowered the boats, most of which proving useless it became necessary to construct rafts with such expedition and material as was in their power, lashing together yards and spars, and freighting them with imperiled lives; so that, just as the earliest hint of dawn winged up the eastern sky, like the shadow of an archangel, and spurred the flying clouds before it, and broke the storm into harmless atoms, and shook its radiant self abroad; just while, through a rift between opposing gloom, the old moon, weak and spent—wrecked itself these many nights—lifted still a thread of silver; just when the watery world emerged from night, and took on hope and gladness again, Kate found herself joint-heir, as clinging to the raft, faint and wet, she dimly watched the ship they had left, reel and plunge, with something yet of its old stateliness, and disappear, while the waters rushing into all its ports and passages, from stem to stern, sent forth a mighty whisper, and the engine-bell tolled heavily a while, and ceased.

So the day broke, and the sun looked out at them through a mist uncertainly, now rending and now resuming the wavering screen. And the sea grew calmer, and washed over them at rarer intervals. And they strained their haggard eyes over the solitary waste, and sent shouts and prayers and clamorous entreaties after any sail that glimmered one instant far away, across their sight and vanished hopelessly. And thus they drifted aimlessly, racked with cramps, stung with cold, gnawed with hunger, heart-sick, and giddy with alternating hope and fear. Now and then a bird wheeled screaming above them; now and then some curious fish floated the wave beside them. Sometimes they caught courage from each other, and spoke of home, or tried to rally a spark of wit to warm their benumbing senses; they buoyed one another with tales of other wrecks and little snatches of familiar tunes, ending in broken sighs and tears. They were one family bound together in misfortune; none could slip from his hold but a dozen feeble hands were stretched to save; no sigh but found its echo. Yet what freaks the sun played upon the water, when, in the long noon hours, he found his way out of the mist! How he gave every wave a spear of gold, and plowed up the further distance into ridges, and veined and seamed the whole vast mass with the precious glamour! But when, at last, he drooped into the sea, a curtain of fog crept down and shut them into utter darkness as into a tomb. Then what dread descended with the night, what eyes mocked them out of the

hollow darkness, what voices called to them, what phantom sails forever beat before them! By times times they slept a feverish uneasy sleep, burdened with moans and sobs, and sometimes dreamed and forgot disaster in one brief vision of security.

Once they fancied that, looming through the mist, they saw the red lights of some ship, but when again morning dazzled them with all its light and freshness and beauty, lavished like dew, and made the world sweet and canny once more, there was nothing but a speck against the horizon, a speck that soon dissolved in distance. Now succeeded the torture of thirst, which the few biscuits they had secured at starting, soaked in sea-water, helped to produce, and the bitter sense that all this tempting liquid heaped about them afforded no relief, till one by one they settled into a sad despair, only a few brave spirits keeping watch and heart, when the morning of the third day overtook them.

Poor Mrs. Gray had long since given over speech—only another way of saying a great deal; and Kate, too sore and worn to lift her head or move a limb, saw the dawn infiltrate day, the rosy color sift through the gray gauze, and the morning star hang trembling in the balance, feeling dreamily that it was the last earthly morning that would ever rise for her; there came to mind, as if photographed in memory, mornings long since faded, when she climbed to the roof in the early light, when the world was hushed and dewy, with only a bird to flutter a wing or trill a note—and watched out beyond where the sea line frets the river mouth, till the sunbeams pointed all the spires, and the river swarmed with boat and barge—watched because Hector was overdue; Christmas mornings, when he came home for the holidays, and they explored their gifts together; mornings at Mrs. Dewitt's, with Theo laughing over her tea-grounds and Eugenia telling her dreams—each pushing the other aside, and swaying back and forth like pendulums beating the petty seconds of human life; yet death was no longer a pang—she would be up and away to the source of infinite morning. So she lay awaiting the end; and a song Hector had loved kept surging through her brain, in time to the heaving and dropping waves:

"I know Thou wilt not alight my call,
For Thou dost heed the sparrow's fall."

And, dazed with faintness, and heavy with sleep, and muffled in an atmosphere of demi-consciousness, she somehow felt that already the Dark River flowed beneath her; that cries of exultation and joy came, faintly borne from the further shore; that beatified faces passed and repassed before her. But stay; what had happened—why this eager commotion? Was the raft parting—the sea engulfing? Whatever happened she would know it all; she would die with all her senses at their post; she would—but her servants having contended for every inch of territory, on the brink of victory, scattered and fled, and left her to the tender mercies of a grizzled sailor, who lifted her with unsparing gentleness, as if he carried some delicate piece of porcelain.

When Kate again opened her eyes on the outer world it was to turn on her pillow and give a sigh of relief that the nightmare had passed. But things were a little strange; she was not quite awake yet, evidently, for there was a tarpaulin hanging in her state-room. Still, yonder "housewife" was a thought familiar. By what clairvoyance did she learn where the materials were bought, and under what circumstances it was made? Strange! And there was Mrs. Gray's exhaustless voice—what was she saying?

"I never expected to be rescued by a coquette, Captain Holland."

Captain Holland? She would go to meet him; it might be—oh—but she was too weak to stir; a little cry—half pain, half hope—escaped, her—a cry that brought some one to her aid—some one who held her, and caressed her, and kissed the tears away. Why had she thought of Hector so constantly, all through the night of her tribulation, but because he was so near?

Hector had received his first intimation of a wreck the previous night when a man at the mast described another of the rafts upon which crouched a famished crew, Mr. Edmonton among them—his life-preserver having served him ill, he had begged an anchor for their hospitality in spite of it—and who informed him of other lives in danger thereabouts, when he lay to and kept in the neighborhood till morning. Thus snatched from the Valley of the Shadow of Death Kate gladly took up her life again, doubly dear because saved through him.

And as they neared home Hector led Kate one starry night upon the deck, to show her Castle Garden and the lights that seemed dancing for joy on shore, and he said:

"When I took Mr. Edmonton off I thanked God, Kate, thinking I had saved you a broken heart, little guessing my own lay so near to the windward."

"You can not, Hector," she answered, "you—you can not—"

"Yes I do—I can. I love you as if you had never sent me hway, Kate."

"I was a little fool," said she; "but, Hector, you haven't fairly seen me yet."

"Shall I get the ship's glass?"

"But I am so frightfully—pitted; you haven't thought about that."

"Then don't you." If there's any one to be pitied it's Mr. Edmonton. Kate, there's not an inch of you but what is sweeter and fairer and lovelier to me than the morning star; so no more pitfalls, if you please."

And Kate pleased.

One morning a year or so later, Kate Holland received wedding-cards; they were only Eugenia's and Mr. Edmonton's.

